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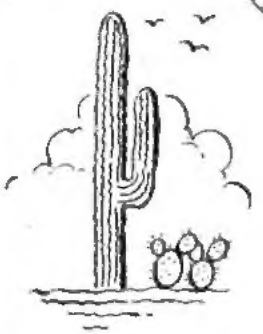

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Summer, 1959
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FRONTIER TIMES

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, President, American Historical Association for 1958.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
"WHAT A LIFE!"—U. S. ARMY, 1863 .. By Cornelius Cole Smith, Jr. 6
"YOUR LAW WAS ON YOUR HIP, SON!" .. By William C. Hancock 10
CALIFORNIA RANGE WAR ..... By Richard H. Dillion 12
INCIDENT ON THE MUSSELSHELL ..... By Len Turner 15
MY FATHER PLANNED THE JAMES BOYS' CAPTURE ..... By Thomas Riley Shouse 16
BLIND BUILDER ..... By Mary Johnson Posey 18
THE SHAME OF NATCHEZ ..... By Tom Bailey 20
MAN WITH THE NOTEBOOK ..... By William F. Hills 23
THE NOTORIOUS LUKE McGLUE ..... By Robert K. DeArment 24
THE FIGHT THAT ALMOST KAYOED BOXING ..... By Dick King 26
LIVING GHOST TOWN ..... By Virginia D. Card 28
ROUGH, WILD AND ROWDY! ..... By H. W. Baylor 31
NUGGETS 32
TAXES SAVED BARNEY'S NECK ..... By William E. Burke 35
BATTLE FOR LIFE! ..... By John C. Jacobs 37

Cover: Taylor Oughton

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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Frontier Times

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IS IT REALLY TRUE?

Check This Partial List of Contents In the July-August TRUE WEST:

MASSAI—BRONCHO APACHE—A movie, a book, and numerous fictionalized articles have been written about the escapades of this famous Apache warrior. Now, his daughter tells the tragic truth of a brave man who lived the life of a hunted animal.

SIEGE AT BATTLE ROCK—"We are surrounded by four hundred Indians hungry for our scalps on the one side . . . miles of water on the other." The ship captain found this note from the leader of nine men he'd left behind. An old brass cannon and crafty Captain Kirkpatrick made a mighty stand.

YOU, TOO, CAN FIND BURIED TREASURE!—You may find antique *firearms, broken pottery—or, a cache of gold.* All you need is a little luck, a lot of persistence and the knowledge of scientific metal locating instruments, and you're in business.

RUN OR BE SCALPED!—When Jim Blain purposely let go his ladder and fell in the mining shaft, his partner Dick Johnson thought he'd gone plumb loco. When Jim described the scene that made him drop from sight, they both ran for their lives.

THE REMARKABLE REVEREND LONG—The "Devil-fighting" preachers rode into the mining camps right behind the adventurers and gamblers. "Long Sam" Long pitched his tent-church in Columbia, California, right between a gambling den and a fandango tent, and thought up plenty of novel ways to fill the pews.

13 HAD TO DIE—U. S. President Franklin Pierce called the Cunningham Brothers' vendetta, "The most audacious feat ever brought to my attention." The brothers chased the bandits across Arizona and into Mexico; riding and waiting until every one of the men responsible for their sister's death had paid for the deed with his death.

GHOSTS AND NEAR GHOSTS—Some live, some linger on in a sort of twilight existence. Others have crumbled to ruin—these fascinating old towns and ghost towns of Montana. They're all mapped out for a return to these scenes of the glory of the Old West.

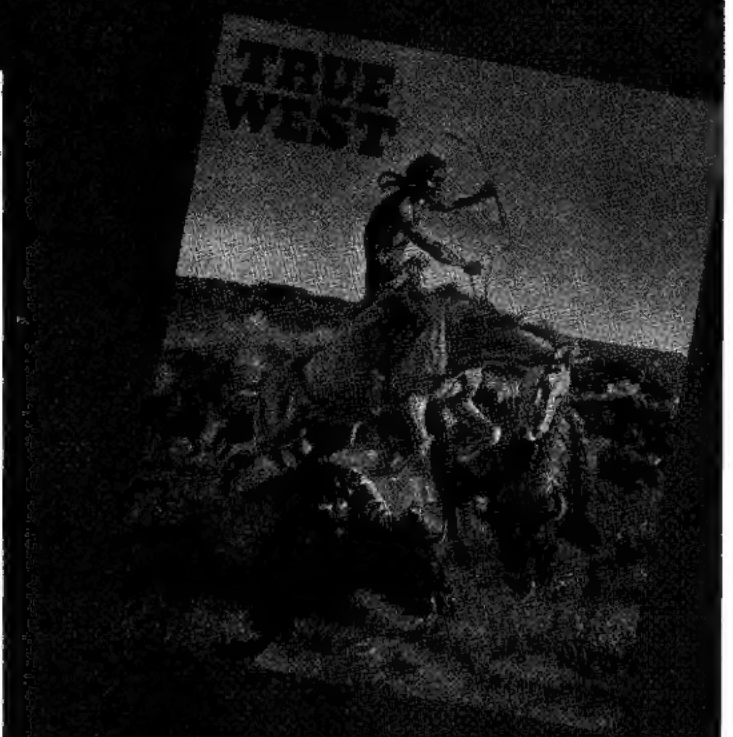
SAGEBRUSH SERMON—Riley Grannan's death was as spectacular as his life. Mourners crowded into the back room of the Variety Showhouse to hear Herman Knickerbocker's tribute to the world-famous plunger who bet $275,000 on the outcome of a single horse race.

DEATH-LOT AT CHIHUAHUA—While the Mexican judge pondered the question of whether to let one-fifth of a man go unlawfully free or unlawfully hang four-fifths of another man, young Ellis Bean studied and fingered the beans to be drawn until he was able to pull a black bean out of his pocket eight times out of ten.

MOVE ON FOREVER—"We're goin' West." Papa said. The family took to the wagons and found the perfect place. They cleared the land, built a cabin, and felt right at home. But Papa kept pushing farther West each time they got settled. A warm account of the spirit that braved the frontiers.

I RODE A BEAR!—The cubs were cute, and Charles Erwin laughed so hard at their antics that he fell right off the rock he was sitting on. Then, an angry roar charged the atmosphere. The mother bear meant business, and there was only one possible outcome in the death-grasp between man and bear.

ALSO, J. Frank Dobie unearths a new version of the death of Sam Bass in HOW SAM HOUSTON HILL KILLED SAM BASS; new hope is offered claims' seekers in ANYBODY WANT A LOST MINE?; and heaps of rare Old West photos, illustrations and special features round out the August True West. DON'T MISS THIS ONE!



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16 COWBOY AND OLD WEST GROUP—Last of 5,000, Wild Horse Fight, Red Bird (Russell's Favorite Horse), Here's How! "Throwed," Watching the Horse Herd, Solitude, Busting a Steer, Trouble Ahead, End of the Rope, The Bolter, Rider of the Rough String, Dudes, Sunshine and Shadow, Up a Tree, Charles M. Russell (Self-Portrait).

16 AMERICAN INDIAN GROUP—Navajo Wild Horse Hunters, When Meat Was Plentiful, Mourning Her Warrior Dead, Battle of the Redmen, When Arrows Spelled Death, His Heart Sleeps, Red Man's Meat, Nobleman of the Plains, Return of the Warriors, Russell and His Indian Friend, In the Enemy Country, Crossing the Missouri, The Medicine Man, White Man's Skunk Wagon, Camp of the Red Man, and The Picture Writer.

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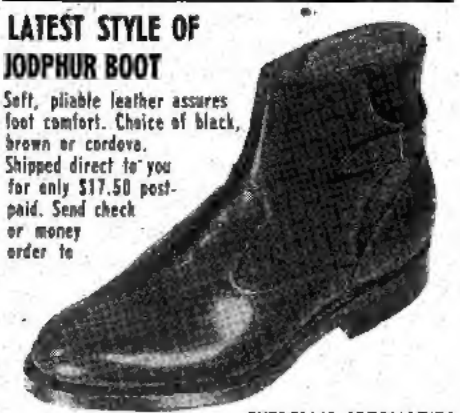

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FRONTIER POST

"Rufus Perry Was My Great-Grandfather!"

Dear Norm:

I join your rapidly expanding list of readers in saying what a swell job you and all the gang are doing in giving us your two excellent magazines, *True West* and *Frontier Times*. When I look over the stack of periodicals now being received, and try to decide which to drop due to limited reading time, FT and TW are the two that need no decision. They have to stay.

You ask if we want more articles from the files of the old *Frontier Times:* I don't think we could have too many of these. The article "They're Dead, Let's Go!," in the winter 1958-59 *Frontier Times*, is the best account I have read of this Ranger classic describing the experience of four Rangers with Comanches in the Nueces Canyon. One of the survivors of this encounter, Rufus Perry, was my great-grandfather. Later, in talking to his friend, John Holland Jenkins, he was very bitter toward the two companions, John Carlin and James Dunn, who deserted Achlin and Perry when they were wounded. Sowell, in his book *Early Settlers and Indian Fighters*, tends to defend the actions of Carlin and Dunn, due to the tremendous odds against them.

The hero of this encounter was Kit Achlin (sometimes spelled Ackland or Achlen) who knew no odds as being too great. He was one of the bravest and best fighters of his day. His bloody knife fight to the death with a Comanche chief, in the battle of Bandera Pass, and his skill in keeping one foot on a Mexican cannon while fighting at close quarters during the battle with Woll's invaders, are only two of his many exploits. Information is needed regarding his later years after he left Texas for California in 1849 with his friend and former commander, Colonel Jack Hays. I will appreciate any information your readers can supply as to the date of his death, place of burial, and activities after he reached California.

Rufus Perry, who passed away on October 7, 1898, in Johnson City, Texas, first entered the Rangers on July 3, 1836, when fourteen years of age. He retired as Captain of Company D in 1876.

His record is clear except for the months from the time he served under Ben Milam at the siege of Bexar in 1835, to July 3, 1836, when he entered Hill's Ranging Force. He had gone to San Antonio with the group from his home town of San Felipe. Word has always been handed down in our family that he went along with his father, William Marshal Perry, who was with the Harrisburg group. Then Rufus became a protege of Deaf Smith before and during the battle of San Jacinto. Last year, when visiting his daughter, Mrs. William J. Shipp, in Johnson City, I asked her why his name was not on the San Jacinto list. She quoted grandfather as saying that he was there, and if his name was not put on the list, it wasn't something to bother about. If any of your readers can fill in this gap, I will be very grateful.

Rufus Perry collected over twenty arrow and bullet wounds during his activities and was issued bounty certificate Number 3202 and headright certificate Number 2/4504, both in 1838.

If he participated in the battle of San Jacinto, it probably left much less impression on him than some of his harder fights with Indians. He served in the forces called to repel the Vasquez and Woll Invasions, and he was a member of the Somerville Expedition. He served as Second Lieutenant in Colonel Bell's Texas Volunteers during the Mexican War and was in command of an advance guard of 183 men against the Indians in Concho County at the time of Lee's surrender.

He received a headright grant by special act on February 13, 1854; and received Certificate Number 367 under the act approved July 28, 1876.

It is hard to believe that this man of action could miss participating at San Jacinto even at the age of thirteen and one-half years.—Elbert R. Sitton, 1211 Nashua, Houston 8, Texas.

We surely appreciate your letter supplying priceless background material on both Kit Achlin and Rufus Perry. Such unsolicited information is typical of the helpfulness and cooperation of our readers. We're glad too that the vote for more of these gems from the pages of the old Frontier Times has actually been unanimous. It's an incredible and heartening thing to realize that so many folks prefer the unvarnished truth about the Old West to the hoked-up, sex-laden junk that is offered in some magazines as "Authentic Western Americana." And we'd bet a silver dollar against a plugged peso that one or more among our large and growing reader audience will supply the data lacking in the lives and careers of both of these grand old Tejanos. Here's hoping, anyhow.

Another Old-timer Reports

Howdy, Folks:

Got room for yet another old-timer to gab a spell about hisself in "Frontier Post"? Ready or not, here I come!

I was in the ranching industry in the Dakotas, Wyoming, Nebraska, Oregon and California back in the good old horse and buggy days. I broke lots of horses for both work and saddle. I'm the cowhand who carved the famous "Historical Profile, Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, Diamond Willow, True Legend Cane" now on display at the Adams Museum in Deadwood, South Dakota. Took me three years to carve that cane and it's worth every minute of the time. The Wild Bill Legend has been of interest to me since childhood and I was glad to devote so much time to its perpetuation in this unusual form.

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Now for a few highlights of a varied career. I was a member of the Nebraska posse hunting the notorious Shorty Grey gang, which made a business of blowing small town banks in Nebraska and Iowa. Shorty was finally picked up in Nebraska and was sent up for a long term, but he and some fellow prisoners broke out of the Nebraska Penitentiary during a severe March blizzard, killing the warden and a guard. A few days later I was with the posse that killed Shorty Grey and two of his companions in a running gun battle southwest of Omaha, Nebraska.

Getting back to horses: I have read accounts in various publications expressing doubt of a horse's intelligence. I know this from experience—a good saddle horse is a very intelligent animal. I recall that many times at night while

George Simmons holding the "Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane Legend Cane."

riding the dim Sand Hills trails I have given my saddle horse his head to go where he pleased. He didn't have any headlight, but he knew where all the gates were and he always got me back to the ranch okay. In my opinion, some of the writers who doubt a horse's intelligence never rode anything livelier than a hobby horse when they were kids.

While working as a cowhand in Wyoming I took up the art of trick roping and developed my skill to the extent that I was able to troupe with circuses and participate in rodeos and stage exhibitions.—George O. Simmons, 408½ Second Avenue S. E., Apt. 120, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Glad to have you hop aboard the stage, George. On this horse IQ question, we believe that—as with humans—it all depends on the individual. Anybody else have any thoughts on the matter?

Was This "Charlie Bowdre's Wish?"

Dear Mr. Wiltsey:

In the Fall, 1958, issue of *Frontier Times*, writer B. L. Gehrman raises the question of "Charlie Bowdre's Wish" in his article of that name, without, however, doing anything to answer it. Obviously we can never be sure of what

(Continued on page 62)

NO FOOLIN'!

Joaquin Sanchez

is a big name as a rodeo clown. All rodeo fans know and enjoy Joaquin's antics that have made him one of the top men in this thrilling business. But, when it comes to buying boots Joaquin Sanchez doesn't fool around. He says

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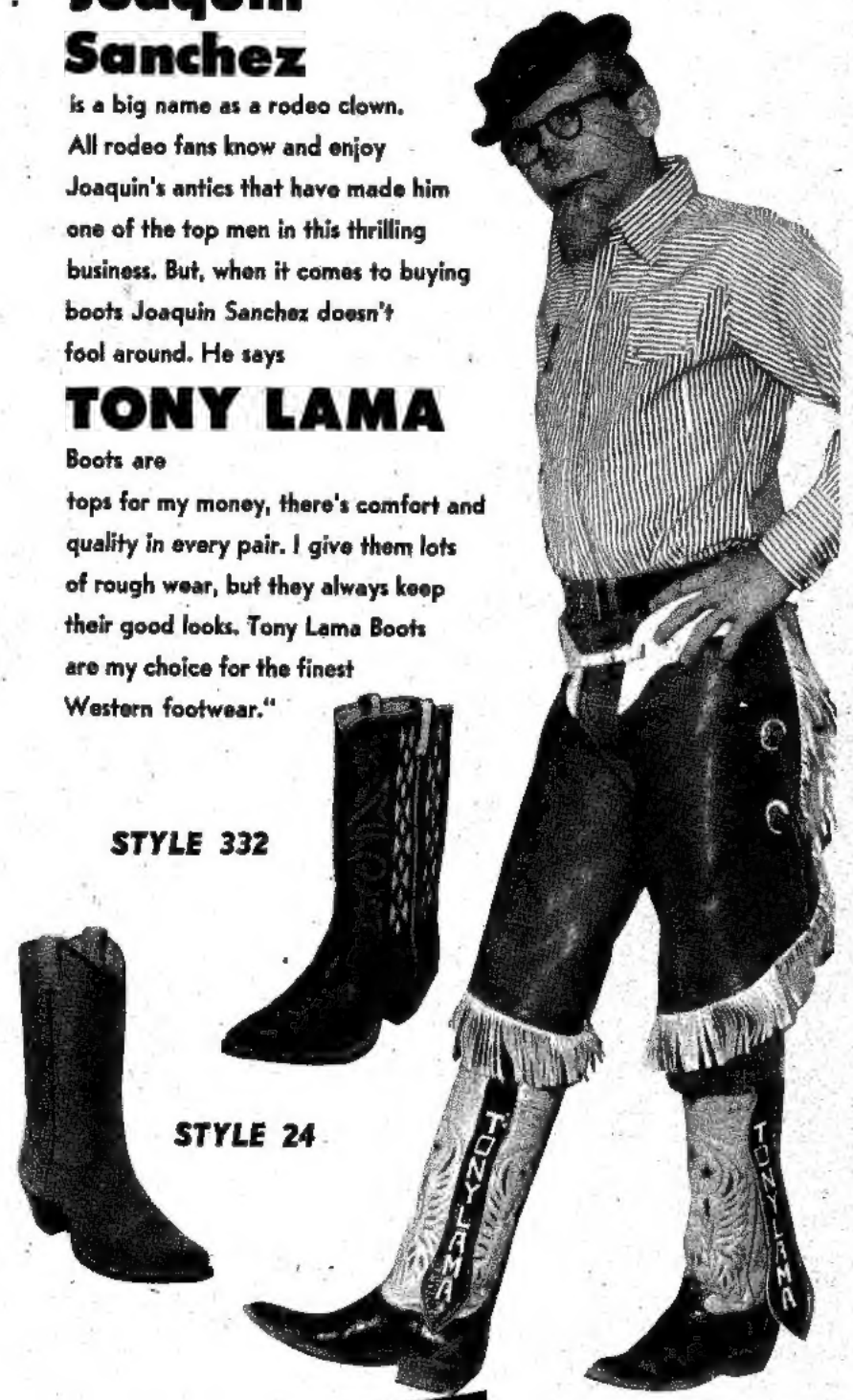

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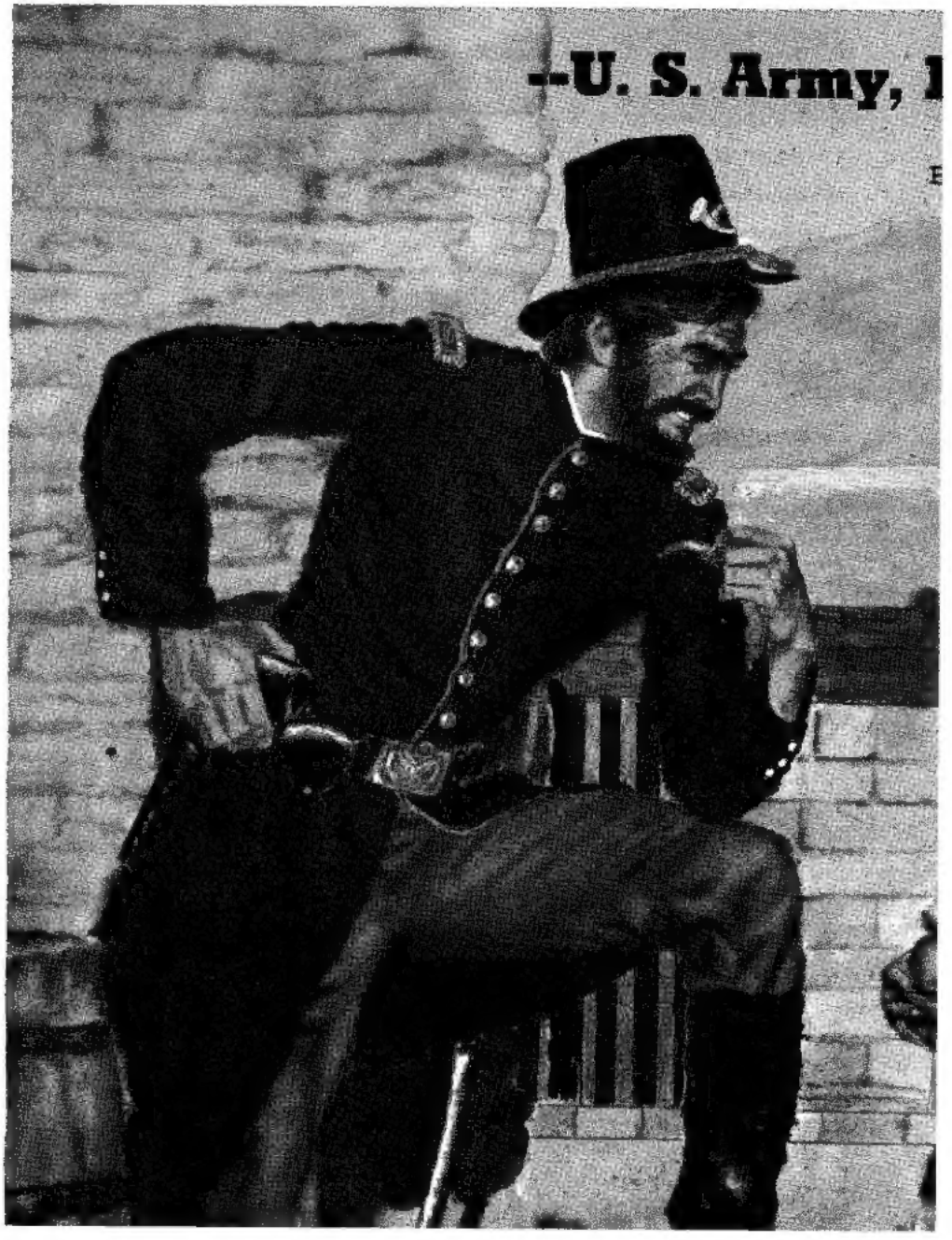

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Editor's Note:

Here are intimate glimpses of a solider's thoughts on the "life and times" back in the early 1860's. It's so real you feel you're there!

MY paternal grandfather was a Union officer in the Civil War. Unlike his boyhood cronies who fell at Shiloh, Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, he never got any closer to the war than Tucson, Arizona, before it ended. This was through no desire of his. He simply joined the army in San Francisco instead of New York, where he had grown up. He became a member of Carleton's California Column, and spent most of the war years waiting for action in Arizona Territory.

When the war broke, he was studying law at Sacramento in the offices of his uncle, Cornelius Cole, later a United States Senator from California. As enlistments in the Union Army were being taken at the Presidio in San Francisco, he took a side-wheeler down the Sacramento River and enlisted, in B Company, Fifth California Volunteers.

His tour of enlisted duty was a short one. Soon after he had joined the outfit, his platoon commander was charged with being a Southern sympathizer, and fled the scene under cover of darkness. On September 7, 1861, Gilbert Cole Smith was appointed second lieutenant to fill the sudden "vacancy."

Word spread that his battalion was going to Texas to take on Twigg's Confederates, and regain the loot taken by them from U. S. Government posts. The unit was slated for a sea voyage as far as Mazatlan, and then an overland march across northern Mexico to west Texas, to engage Twigg and to "draw off the rebels from Arkansas and Missouri."

The idea died a-borning. Secessionist demonstrations in southern California caused the diversion, and the unit moved south rapidly. Colonel Carleton's First California Infantry, and the First California Cavalry under Lt. Benjamin F Davis arrived in San Pedro within a matter of days, and established themselves at a place near present-day Santa Monica.

From this location, Camp Latham, Carleton sent garrisons to Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Diego, and Yuma. Lieutenant Smith's outfit drew San Diego, and within a week or two he was off for his new post. The garrison life there proved indolent and pleasurable, with fandangos and courting of dark-eyed señoritas occupying as much or more time than soldierly duties.

The idyllic life came to an end with General Sibley's invasion of New Mexico Territory, and Carleton's Column began

History is so much more poignant when it includes the homely doings of individual people. Letters bridge the years as no polished text ever can.

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its historic trek eastward. It fought only one battle, at Pichacho Pass, on April 15, 1862, where one officer and two enlisted men of the First California Cavalry Volunteers were killed. As it turned out, this was the only Civil War battle fought in Arizona in the entire war. When this skirmish was fought, Smith was still in San Diego with the rear echelon of the column.

AS young soldiers will do under the stress of homesickness, he wrote letters. Rummaging through a trunkful of old papers recently, I found a stack of these letters, old, faded, and broken, and tied neatly into a small packet with a piece of blue ribbon. They are perceptive writings, exhibiting interesting reactions of a young man to new and novel experiences.

The letters were written to his aunt and uncle in Santa Cruz, California, and follow his company's moves from San Diego to Fort Yuma, Gila Bend, and Tucson. The first one was written to his aunt, Olive Cole, and bears the date May 7, 1862.

"New San Diego Barracks, Cal.
May 7th, 1862.

"Dear Aunt:

"Your very kind and welcome letter of April 20th reached me a week ago today, and on account of my being engaged in making out the monthly report of the post for the last month, I did not have time to write you by return mail.

"The steamer *Narragansett* of the U.S.N. made us a visit about ten days ago. She is a steam gun-boat or Man-of-War, manned by about 110 officers and men, and carrying four thirty pound guns and one larger shell gun or Columbiad, which, to give you an idea of its size, weighed eight tons. It was thirteen feet in length, and took a shell eleven inches in diameter and of 120 pounds weight, which it could throw about three miles with great precision It beats all the guns I ever saw.

"The Officers of the ship were mostly from the N.E. States, and were as intelligent, free-hearted and liberal a set of men as we commonly meet. We were invited on board and spent nearly a whole day there, and I was very much interested with the strange things I saw there.

"I am studying the "Lingua Española". We do not have much use for the language in our business, but in getting acquainted with some of these Spanish people, I find the need of it. I attended a party the other night and had quite a pleasant time, danced all night and we did not get home till after sunrise the next morning. I find these Spanish people differ from ours in their manners and customs, but they are polite, and sociable, and quite accomplished for the ostensibly limited advantages they have.

"Well, I have written enough, and hope that I may hear from you again soon.

Your aff. nephew
Gilbert."

THERE is not much information available now on the *Narragansett*, but according to the above letter it was very likely a forerunner of the low freeboard, single-thrust monitors especially designed for service in 1862. These ships, the *Lehigh, Mahopac, Nahant, Nantucket, Ajax, Jason,* and others all carried two fifteen-inch smooth bore rifles as main batteries, and a couple of twelve-inch howitzers as secondaries. They averaged about 225 feet in length, forty-four feet in breadth, and had an average displacement of 2,000 tons. They could make about six knots. Smith's wonder at the Columbiad was natural. What might it have been at the sight of present-day naval armaments?

Lt. Gilbert Cole Smith, Fifth California Volunteers, as portrayed by the author.

The gay life in San Diego continued. In a short note to his aunt of July 2 1862, he said:

"I went to old San Diego to attend a wedding. Saw the marriage ceremony and kissed the bride . . . . We danced all night again, and an hour after broad daylight this morning. Came home this morning at about six or seven and slept until Guard Mount at nine, and when I arose and took the duties of Officer of the Day.

"Preparations are being made to celebrate the fourth in San Diego. Our company is to be marched into Old San Diego, and arrangements are made by the citizens to give us a reception. We are to have a ball at night, and I expect that I shall have to be up again all of tomorrow night, but we shall have a very pleasant time . . ."

The next letter was written almost a year after the above missive. Undoubtedly, there were numerous bits of correspondence in the interim, but apparently these were lost over the years. The main events within the time lapse seem to be a move to Fort Yuma on the Colorado River, and understandable complaints at not being paid. This letter reflects the low morale of the command as a result of that condition.

"Fort Yuma, Cal.
March 27, 1863.

"Dear Aunt:

"I am very well and enjoy myself as well as could be expected in a God-forsaken country like this. There are but few people living here who have an approximation to civilization, and among that few virtue, honesty, candor or any other moral principle is at a great discount. Licentiousness, dishonesty, intemperance, avarice, duplicity and every other evil that you can think of are above par.

"As far as my own experience goes however, I like Fort Yuma. The weather has been very pleasant since we have been here. I regard it about the same as I once heard a drunken man assess the world. Said he; 'The world is good enough, damn it. It is the people that make it bad!'

"We expect soon to be enroute to Tucson, and so on to Texas, though we have not received orders to go yet. I shall be glad when we get on the way, as I always prefer the field to garrison. We understand from the Vedette this morning that the paymaster is pretty near this place, and will probably be here tomorrow. We all think it time he should come. Our company has not been paid in thirteen months. We shall probably be paid in paper too, which the people here are trying to depreciate fifty per cent. The merchants who have got rich here by government contracts ask double prices for goods paid for in paper. Thus a poor soldier, who must needs have some little necessaries, is swindled out of his money and realizes only half his pay.

"We have been denied the long standing custom and privilege of officers to have credit in the commissary department, and this too when we have not seen any paymaster for over a year. That is, the government refused, even with our pay in its hands as security to do for us what the meanest person would not have denied us. It almost seems that the government does not consider us honest men.

"Some officers have been obliged to draw their rations in kind, and even that is forbidden. If we could sell our pay accounts as of old, then we could

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get along without trouble. That too has been forbidden. So you see, everything seems to work disgust in the minds of our officers. Many have resigned, but now if one offers resignation, it will not be accepted on his assigning as his reason that he will starve to death.

"I have between four and five hundred dollars due me now, but cannot tell when we will be paid again. I have one satisfaction however, I owe no one.

"I have no objection to your having parts of my letter published, but your judgment will dictate what is better to suppress. Kiss the children on my account, and write soon.

Your affectionate nephew,
Gilbert."

A couple of more months saw the unit on the move again, still unpaid, still hoping to encounter the Rebel army in battle, and winding slowly across the scorching sands of southern Arizona in early summer.

"Gila Bend (Camp)
Arizona Territory
June 1, 1863.

"My dear Aunt:

"It is now about noon and we have been in camp an hour or more. I am reclining on the ground beneath the shade of a mesquite tree which serves as a partial shelter from the burning rays of the desert sun. We are now about 150 miles from Fort Yuma on the Gila River, and enroute to Tucson, A.T. We have been out on the road for about ten days, and have encamped on the Gila every night, so that I have had the pleasure of taking a bath every evening. There is not a trace of civilization along the route, except that the wagon road looks about the same as in a civilized community.

"The day before yesterday I saw a carcass of an Apache Indian hanging on a tree by the roadside. I was informed by the man who hung him there, (A Mr. Woolsey), that a party of about a dozen Apaches attacked him about a year ago on the spot. He turned on them with a gun and pistol and succeeded in driving them off by shooting at them . . . .

"It is a rule among the Apaches never to touch one of their warriors when killed or wounded after he has been touched by a white man. The circumstances of this one being left there so long, and not taken down by his friends gives this rule a shade of truth.

"The night before last we encamped at Oatman Flat, near the place where the Oatman family was killed by Indians in 1851. You have probably heard the narrative of this family. I visited the graves, or rather grave, as they seem all to have been buried in one grave. There is a pine board which marks where they lie, on which is rudely carved; "The Oatman Family, 1851." The grave is surrounded by a little fence made of poles.

"We have seen signs of Indian tracks along for the last day or two, and have to keep a good lookout as we are now in Apache country. Colonel Bowie is along with us. I do not think much of him as a military man. This march rather gets him. Everything he does is with an eye for politics, and you know those are not the men for the army. A good officer should be honest instead of a selfish, political trickster.

"Lieutenants Glasby and Zabriskie are lying here sleeping under the trees. Zabriskie is a fine, clever, and witty fellow, much like Uncle Wash.

"When I get to Tucson, I can send a letter home in 14 or 15 days, and with three cents postage. That will seem like getting near home. Remember me to all, and please write soon.

Your affectionate nephew,
Gilbert."

THE dead Apache seen by Lieutenant Smith was very likely the same one seen by J. Ross Browne several years later. In his famous book *"Adventures in the Apache Country,"* published by Harper and Brothers in 1869, Browne dwells upon the incident at length:

"The chief lay just where he had fallen, stiff and stark. It is a curious fact that the Apaches never move their dead. A superstition seems to prevail upon them on this point, and I have been told that they will not approach a spot on which one of their comrades has been slain.

"Woolsey and his party determined to make a conspicious mark of the dead Indian Chief from which marauding Indians might take warning. They dragged him to the nearest mesquite tree and hanged him up by the neck, leaving the feet to dangle about a yard above the ground."

Browne, having listened to Woolsey's tale asked to be shown the spot where it had happened. Woolsey took him there and the Indian was still hanging on the tree. Browne wrote:

"I stood by the tree and gazed with strange feelings upon the dead apache. The body was dried and shrunken, and of a parchment color. One of the feet and both hands had been cut off or torn away by coyotes."

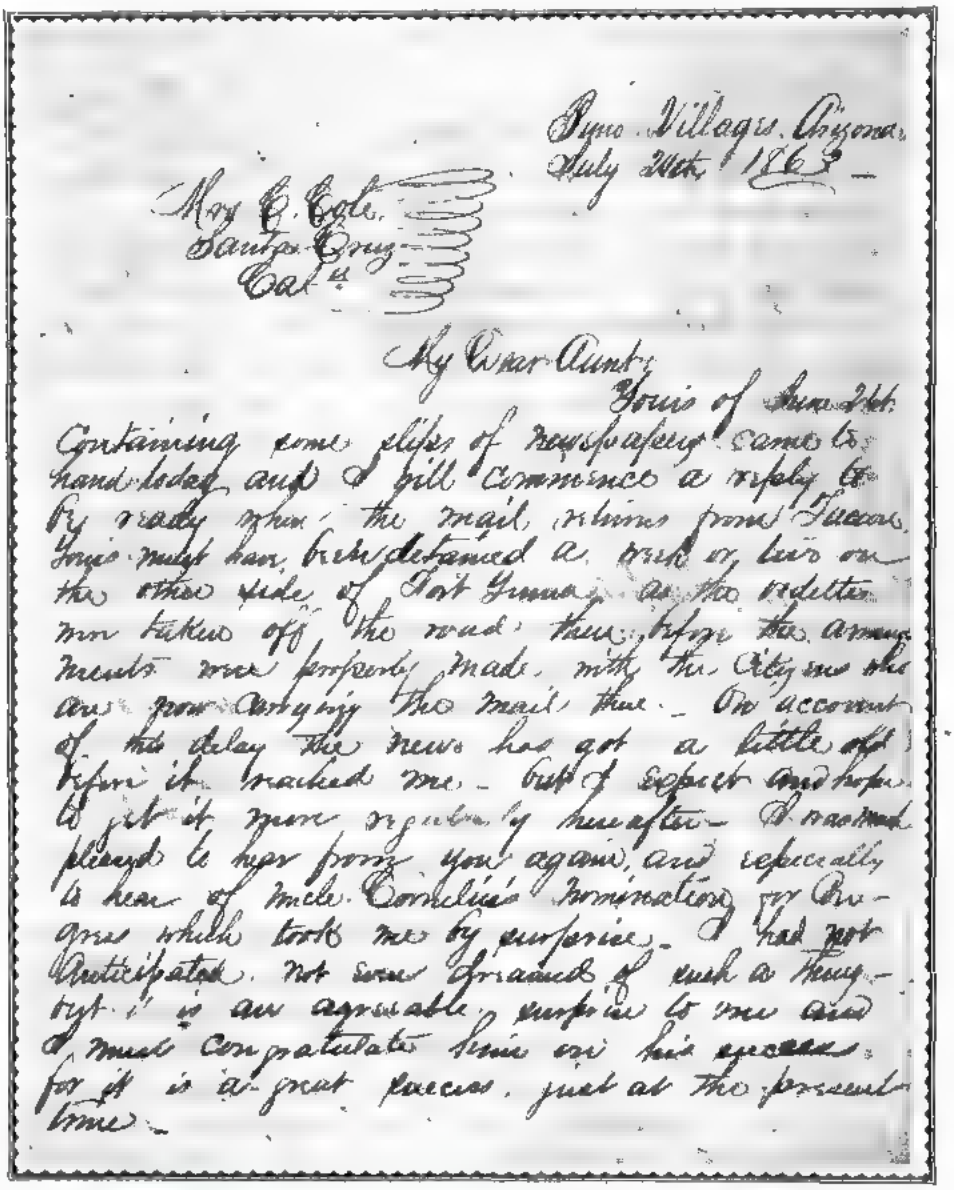
If Browne saw this grisly sight in the same year his book was published, then the body had been hanging there for six or seven years. This is not too surprising, however, in view of the loneliness of the spot, and of the dry desert air which tends to preserve rather than destroy human tissue.

The "Uncle Wash" referred to in the above letter was Cornelius Cole's brother, then a colonel in the Third New York Volunteer Cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. He later attained the rank of major general and remained in the regular army for a number of years.

The main body of the California Column had been in Tucson for almost

(Continued on page 49)

Actual copy of letter Lt. Smith wrote to his aunt during his term of service.


Pima Village, Arizona
July 26th 1863

Mrs C. Cole.
Santa Cruz
Cal

My Dear Aunty

Yours of June 24th containing some slips of newspapers came to hand today and I will commence a reply to by ready when the mail returns from Tucson. Yours might have been detained a week or two on the other side of Fort Yuma as the rebellion men have taken off the road there, before the arrangements were properly made with the City we shall have now carrying the mail thru. On account of this delay the news has got a little old before it reached me. But I expect and hope to get it more regularly hereafter. I reached pleased to hear from you again, and especially to hear of Uncle Cornelius's nomination for Congress which took me by surprise. I had not anticipated. Not even dreamed of such a thing - but it is an agreeable surprise to me and I must congratulate him on his success for it is a great success, just at the present time.

One of the last of the old trail drivers gives us a fascinating glimpse "pastward," when lush grass grew high as a critter's flanks, there was plenty of room to ride, and

"Your Law Was On Your Hip, Son!"

By WILLIAM C. HANCOCK

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

WHY, plague take it, most of them writin' fellers wouldn't know a longhorn steer from a mule deer, son! All that fiddle-faddle about violin music soothin' a herd so's it wouldn't stampede is pure poppycock. If a thunderstorm come up and the cattle took a notion to run, not even Sousa's Band would of stopped 'em. I read some stories about croonin' cowpokes ridin' around a bedded-down herd at night, keepin' the critters happy with their lullabies. Just so much bunk. Why, we had an old brindle steer in one of our drives up Kansas way that not even Bing Crosby and that fiddlin' feller Jack Benny could of kept from runnin' once it made up its mind to! A little thunder and lightnin' and off they'd go.

"Another thing. I read once where they took 20,000 head up the trail. Baloney to that, too! You couldn't have drove 20,000 head of steers with Coxey's Army. Not even 10,000! About 3,000 steers was the average herd. Do you know what it's like to take 3,000 head of cattle up a trail? No, son, of course you don't. Nobody that aint' done it wouldn't know. Well, it's no picnic. Maybe your drag's strung out for three miles and you see bad weather up ahead. You got to get the critters bunched up more, so they can be milled if they try to run, and you ain't got all day to do it. You have to act fast. How the devil would you handle a herd of 20,000—or even 10,000? Them fellers that write that kind of stuff is plum looney!"

Uncle Joe Cottonwood was speaking, and he was speaking with authority, as one of the very last trail drivers still living. Now eighty-six he was telling me about his trail-riding days back in the eighties, and there were moments during the telling when you could almost feel the trail dust kicked up by a big herd settling over you like a fine, gray mist, as it did the cattle, the chuck wagon, and the tall bunch grass off to the side.

From the patio where we sat, with a bottle of prime starting fluid between us, the dry but pleasant countryside of mid-Texas stretched out vastly in three directions flat and heavily farmed to the east, rolling and brushy to the south, hilly and wooded to the west.

"Yezzer, son, it was different in them days. A thousand miles and more of rich cattle-raisin' grass up to a critter's flanks. None of these mesquite-covered prairies and cedar-plagued hills, none of this brush-choked lowland or weed-hidden counties like we got today. It was bigger too, in a way, and better. A man had room to ride."

BORN near Austin back in '73, Uncle Joe grew up in the saddle. He was riding before most of us were born, and when some of us still were infants. Today he likes to reminisce and with a few nips of his favorite brand of Texas dew handy, his mind is as keen as a razor. I am a history professor and I have checked him out several times. Of course there is no written record of his own personal adventures, but in all cases where there are records of those times of which he tells, I have never found him in error. He knows his native Texas in one of her most romantic moods as no other living man does. He took another sip at his glass and went on.

"But things has changed, son. The law situation for one. Today the country is crawlin' with lawmen of one kind

or another. City police, sheriffs, state cops, game wardens, internal revenue snoopers and them FBI fellers. Why, they even got garbage inspectors. Next they'll have somebody tellin' you when you can go to the privy. Can't nobody turn around without somebody pryin' into his personal affairs. Back in them days there warn't no law but the six-gun, son. You carried your own law on your hip."

"But the laws of today also protect you," I reminded him.

"From what? Plague take it, I don't need no protection, son! Dad rat it, I still got my old six-gun."

I asked him to compare the longhorn with the present-day cattle.

"Well, son, before the comin' of bobbed wire, windmills and the railroads, the longhorn was an ideal critter for this country that had a lot of open range. He could get by through long dry spells, even squeezin' water from cactus leaves and other desert plants, and he could range up to twenty or twenty-five miles from water, whereas blooded cattle of today can't range more'n two miles. And the longhorn could walk to market 200 or 2,000 miles away, dependin' on which way he was headed. He could fend for hisself, too. With them horns of his he had no enemies besides man he couldn't take care of, even bein' a match for the panther. But he's gone now, son, with a lot of softies to take his place. Couldn't none of today's cattle take what he took. On a trail trip they'd be all fagged out after the first fifty miles, but a longhorn—man, after fifty miles he was just gettin' his starter wound up. You had to drive him hard for the first three, four days so's he'd not get notions about his home range and sneak away on you.

"My pappy always drove hard the first three, four days, like I said. Another reason for that was the critters was strangers to each other and mighty skitterish. They'd stampede for no reason at all, unless you kept 'em dead tired, and the only way to do that was keep 'em movin' fast and long into the night sometimes. Even then they'd run in a thunder storm. There'd always be plenty of time to rest after they was trail broke."

I recharged his glass and asked him if some of the movies about trail drives had been exaggerated.

"Like I said, them writin' fellers ought to study up more about such things before they go off half-cocked. Some pictures I've seen ain't too bad, but others make me boilin' mad. I guess all them directors has got a right to fool people, but when you see a bunch of blazed-faced Herefords headin' up the trail with narry a longhorn showin' among 'em, it sort of boils you up."

"What about the stampedes they show in movies?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, they show a few critters goin' through the motions of runnin', but a stampede of 3,000 cattle was somethin' to get excited about. You stayed out of their way or got ground into the dust. It was the stampede that made trail drivin' a real chore. It sort of separated the men from the boys. After a good stampede it might take a couple of weeks to gather up your herd again, as well as your pride, and then you wouldn't find 'em all. There was always loose cattle wanderin' around between the Red River and Abilene or Dodge, dependin' on what year it was. Sometimes it was possible to mill 'em, keep 'em cartwheeling in a circle so's they wouldn't go nowheres if they did run, but once they got away all hell couldn't stop 'em. I seen a few stampedes myself and I know."

"What about trail drivers rustling beef from other herds, for the pot, that is? Did they do that?"

"Yep, lots of that went on under some conditions. Mostly the well-known drivers didn't permit it, but some did. Not only for the pot, but they'd grab onto anything on four feet and still walkin' and add it to their own number, trail brand or no. When you stop to think that most critters warn't worth more'n a dollar a head, you kind of wonder why they'd bother. They just had larceny in their hearts, them kind did.

"But my pappy didn't rustle. He was honest all through his life and died honest, God rest his soul!

IN them days there warn't no Texas market to speak of and every kid's ambition was to ride the Big Trail. Me, I was only ten when I rode it the first time. That was on account of my pappy keepin' an eye on me. In them days there warn't a single highway in all this country. No fences to speak of, either. A feller could point his hoss in any compass headin' and ride till doomsday without hittin' a fence or a road of any kind.

"But don't misunderstand me. By the time I trailed through east Texas a little later in '83, bobwire fences was springin' up everywhere. But when I was a little shaver, say around seven, there warn't a fence anywhere. It all

(Continued on page 42)

The great California Gold Rush of 1849 sparked another type of activity--the rush of rustlers to cash in on high price of beef

CALIFORNIA RANGE WAR

By RICHARD H. DILLON

Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

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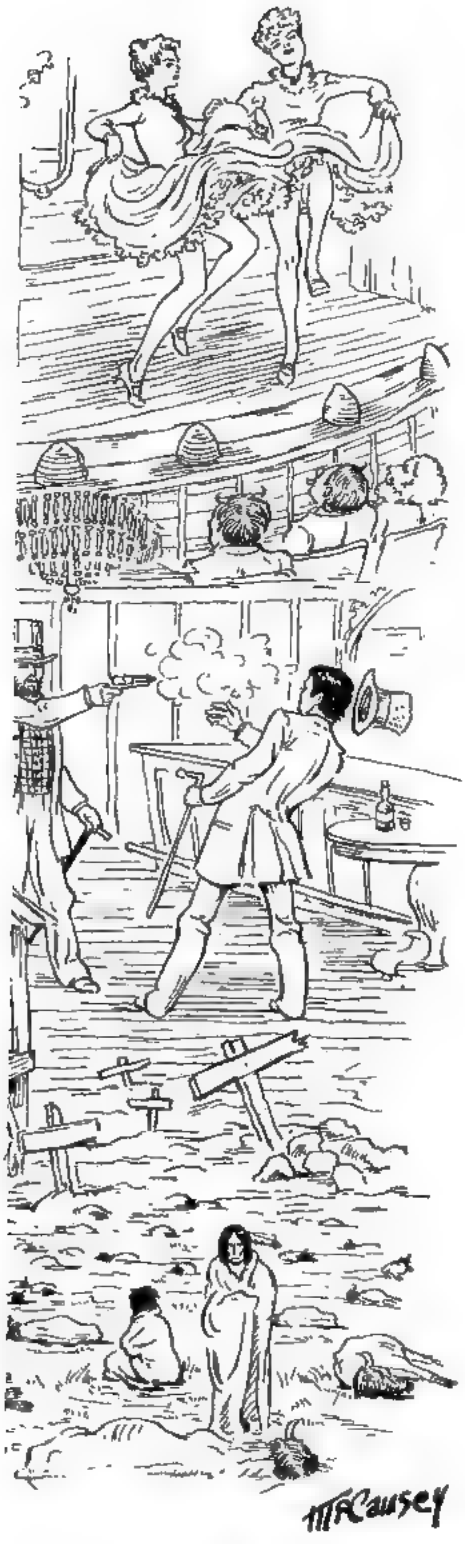

CALIFORNIA CATTLEMEN, caught unprepared by the tremendous influx of beef-hungry miners in 1849, began importing longhorns from Texas to supply the ravenous pick-and-shovel brigades. Steers were driven both up the rugged coast and through the San Joaquin Valley from southern California to the mining centers at San Francisco, San Jose, Stockton and Sacramento. Beef prices soared—and the rustlers moved quickly to cash in. Outlaws from both sides of the border got in on the rich pickings. Indians struck at the ranchers' caballadas (horse herds).

Incredibly bold in their operations, the rustlers often made off with whole herds of cattle. Lesser hauls, of several hundred steers, were commonplace. The Machado, Forster, and Arguello outfits each sustained losses of more than 200 head in single raids. Many cattlemen were actually forced to dig trenches—called ballados—which, like medieval moats, protected their livestock. Thick willow hedges, topped with the horns or whole skulls of cattle, were erected to form a barrier of sorts against the daring raiders. Thieving became so bad that petitions were sent to Governor Bennet Riley in 1850, demanding that 100 muskets be provided the citizens of Los Angeles for protection against the raids of Indian horse thieves and white cattle rustlers. The entire country became virtually an armed camp engaged in open war with the stock thieves.

Some bands of rustlers had their hideouts on the Mojave River. From there they would drive the stolen stock across the desert to the Mormon settlements for sale. Other gangs holed up in the Tujunga Canyon area, where, in April, 1858, a posse recaptured 150 horses of various brands from a group of Mexican and American outlaws.

In the hectic summer of 1862, rustlers drove off William Wolfskill's herd and his caballada to boot. When Wolfskill's nephew rashly tried to stop them, they shot him down. That same summer, outlaw Manuel Marquez raided ranches in the Santa Ana and San Juan Capistrano country.

Vigilance committees did the best they could against the raiders, but it was like trying to catch a swarm of bees with a butterfly net. Trouble popped in all directions at once and it was not until the authorities and the cattlemen alike got heartily sick of the whole mess that concerted action was taken against the outlaws. The long-delayed result was California's only large-scale range war. Target number one for the enraged citizenry was the large and well-organized outlaw gang of Juan Flores, known throughout southern California as the "King of the Rustlers." The campaign to wipe out Flores was a humdinger, involving more than 100 men organized in military-like units and employing army tactics in pursuit of the sinister gang which terrorized the countryside. The struggle was long and difficult because Juan Flores was no ordinary rustler.

FLORES HAD HIT the owlhoot trail at an early age and soon landed in San Quentin Prison for stealing horses. There he joined in a prison break which failed and drew special discipline for him and a hundred other inmates who had participated in the bungled crash-out.

At San Quentin, Flores struck up a friendship with a Shasta County robber named "Red Horse" Webster, and he and Webster led another desperate break in the fall of 1856. The prisoners assaulted a ship which was unloading bricks at the prison wharf on Point San Quentin. The guards fired on the rioters, but Flores and Webster led a group of prisoners aboard the brig and overpowered the officers and crew. Setting sail, they moved out into San Pablo Bay as the guards opened up on them with the prison battery of a six-pounder and a twelve-pounder howitzer. The gunners scored some near-misses, but Flores and Red Horse sailed safely through the cannonading and landed on the Contra Costa County shore. The escaped prisoners scattered.

The authorities figured that Flores would head south toward his old rustling grounds, but they were unable to trap him. He showed up suddenly at San Luis Obispo, where he picked up Andres Fontes as a recruit for his outlaw band. Fontes was a young cutthroat who had sworn to kill Sheriff James R. Barton of Los Angeles for having sent him to prison at the age of eighteen on—according to Fontes—a trumped-up charge. In any case, Fontes was eager to join Flores' gang.

Some historians have claimed that Flores intended to lead a full-scale revolt of the native Californios against the gringo invaders from a headquarters in the mountains near San Juan Capistrano. It is more likely that he used patriotism and la raza simply as shrewd devices to recruit Mexican-Californians to his gang. An accomplished rustler and bandit, he may have had ideas of becoming a revolutionary jefe, but his career ended before he could put his ambitious scheme into effect.

It is true that Flores had a certain magnetism about him. Men flocked to his camp, enabling him to "raise funds" by raiding ranchos, homes and stores. One stubborn German who refused to ransom his life was hauled into the plaza of San Juan Capistrano and formally shot for "treason."

A young Los Angeles teamster named Garnet Hardy unwittingly set in motion the chain of events which led to a tragedy that shocked all California and led to the destruction of the biggest and most brazen band of stock rustlers, highwaymen and murderers the state had ever known.

DELIVERING A load of goods to a merchant in San Juan Capistrano, Hardy was warned not to try to make the return trip alone because Juan Flores' gang was in the hills nearby. Impressed, Hardy wrote his brother Alfred in Los Angeles of the spot he was in. The latter took his letter to Sheriff James R. Barton, who mustered a small posse consisting of Frank H. Alexander, Charles F. Daley, Alfred Hardy, constables William H. Little and Charles K. Baker, and an unarmed Frenchman—an ex-vaquero who knew the country—who served as guide. One of Capt. Harry Love's California Rangers—a man named Lyon—flatly refused to join any posse chasing Flores that did not number at least fifty men.

The posse left town on a Thursday night, not knowing that Flores had that morning attacked the house and store of a Miguel Krasazki, destroying what they could not carry off, as Krasazki fled for his life. In rapid succession then the raiders robbed the stores and homes of Henry Charles, Charles Flughardt, and Manuel Garcia. Flughardt was killed, but the others escaped.

When Barton and his deputies arrived at Don Jose Sepulveda's ranch on Friday morning, January 23, 1857, they were told by the frightened Mexican cowboys there that the robbers were in the nearby hills fifty strong. Considering the vaqueros' estimate of Flores' strength to be wildly exaggerated, Barton and his men took off at once in search of the bandits.

At the spur of the San Joaquin Ranch Mountains, about twelve miles from Sepulveda's ranch, Barton saw a horseman galloping along the plain about a mile distant and sent Little and Baker to investigate him. The two deputies rode into a death trap, as twenty mount-

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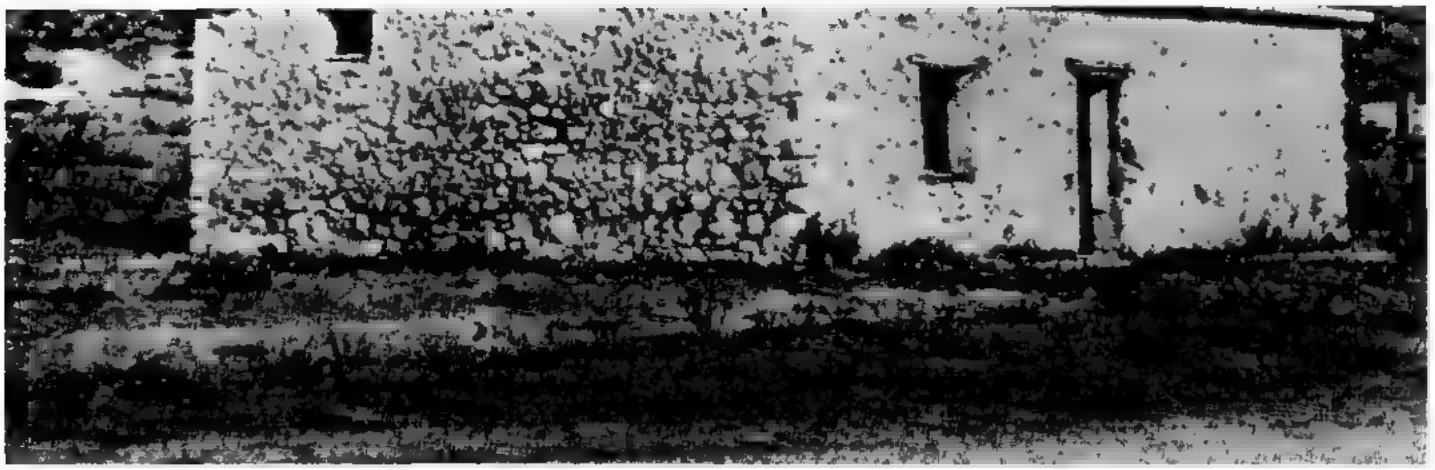


"Rustlers' Rest"—the old San Diego jail which was typical of early day California jails.

ed men charged out at them from the arroyos between the hills.

At the Frenchman's excited shout identifying the robbers, Barton and his three men spurred their horses toward Baker and Little. The gallant rescue attempt was too late; both men were killed before the little posse reached them. In a raging fury, the four remaining law men charged the bandits, firing their guns until they were empty and then clubbing the weapons. Two of the robbers fell before Barton closed with one of them, probably Andres Fontes. Officer and bandit fired their pistols simultaneously; but only Barton fell, shot through the heart.

Daley was cut off from the rest of the posse. He rode off, but made only three miles before his mule was overtaken and he was shot down. Hardy lost his pistol after emptying it at the raiders, and called out to Alexander that he was unarmed. Both men saw Barton fall and decided to run for it. The bandits chased them the full twelve miles back to Sepulveda's ranch before turning back toward their hideout.

Hardy brought the news of the "massacre," as it was called, to Los Angeles. (Excited rumor had as many as ten posse men killed in the ambush.) Alexander stopped at El Monte to inform the people there. Within two hours, about forty well-armed and mounted men started off to find the murderous band of rustlers. Angry citizens rode north all the way from San Diego to join the hunt.

FOURTEEN MEN went out on horseback, escorting several wagons bearing coffins for the murdered men. Each corpse was found with its pockets rifled of all valuables. The outlaws had given each man the coup de grace by shooting him in the right eye. Sheriff Barton's papers were found torn to pieces and scattered, and these were painstakingly reassembled.

Don Andres Pico organized a party of fifty-one self-styled "dragoons," armed with the deadly California lances which had whipped Kearny into retreat at the battle of San Pascual a decade before. Don Andres placed his forty-three Indian auxiliaries—under Captain Manuelito—on guard at passes which might serve Flores as escape routes. Other Indians were sent up into the mountains to spy out the camp of the outlaws.

A spy found Flores' camp at the head of the Canada de Santiago and a second spy reported to Pico that he had spoken to one of the bandits, Antonio Maria (Chino) Varelas. Chino betrayed Flores and sent word to Don Andres to place his men in a certain position so that they could capture the whole gang. The moon set too early for the plan to work and Pico could not advance until morning. Lynx-eyed Flores spotted their approach from his towering lookout rock and waved to his band to retreat.

Pico and his men charged, but the wily bandit chief fled before them, driving the traitor Varelas ahead of him at gun point. When a party of Americans led by a Doctor Gentry closed in, Chino escaped to a unit led by Don Tomas Sanchez. Both parties tried long-range shots with no effect.

The Americans combined forces with Pico, doggedly following Flores deep into the mountains. The outlaw leader and three of his men kept ahead of the growing force of pursuers, climbing a high peak on horseback. Two more of Flores' men followed him wearily on foot.

As Pico followed relentlessly, Flores, Jesus Espinosa and Leonardo Lopez recklessly slid their horses down a cliff to a shelf, abandoned their mounts and leaped, slid and fell the rest of the way to the base of the precipice where they disappeared into the dense chaparral. One of Flores' men, Francisco Ardillero, was captured by Gentry's party as he tried to escape down the mountain side. Another, Juan Silvas, balked at making the desperate leap off the ledge and surrendered to Pico's Californios.

On the following morning, the informer Chino Varelas led a posse from Los Angeles to the hideout of Francisco (Pancho) Daniel, Andres Fontes, Jose Santos, and a desperado known only as Piquinini.

The hunt for Flores continued. On Sunday, February 1, Doctor Gentry's party came upon the outlaw chief in a canyon. Cornered in a cave, Flores and his men kept up a brisk fire for a short time, wounding Francis Goddard, but finally surrendered.

THE OUTLAWS were taken to Don Teodocio Yorba's ranch, where they were held under guard while Gentry waited for the other units to join him. From the captives were taken two double-barreled guns, one "five shooter," two Colt Navy revolvers, one musket and two knives. Flores had Sheriff Barton's gold watch and other plunder.

The guards were either lax in their vigilance or else they underestimated their prisoners. At about midnight, Flores and his men—although tied up—somehow managed to escape. The guards fired at them but hit nothing save moonlight.

When Don Andres heard of Flores' escape from Gentry, he promptly hanged his own prisoners.

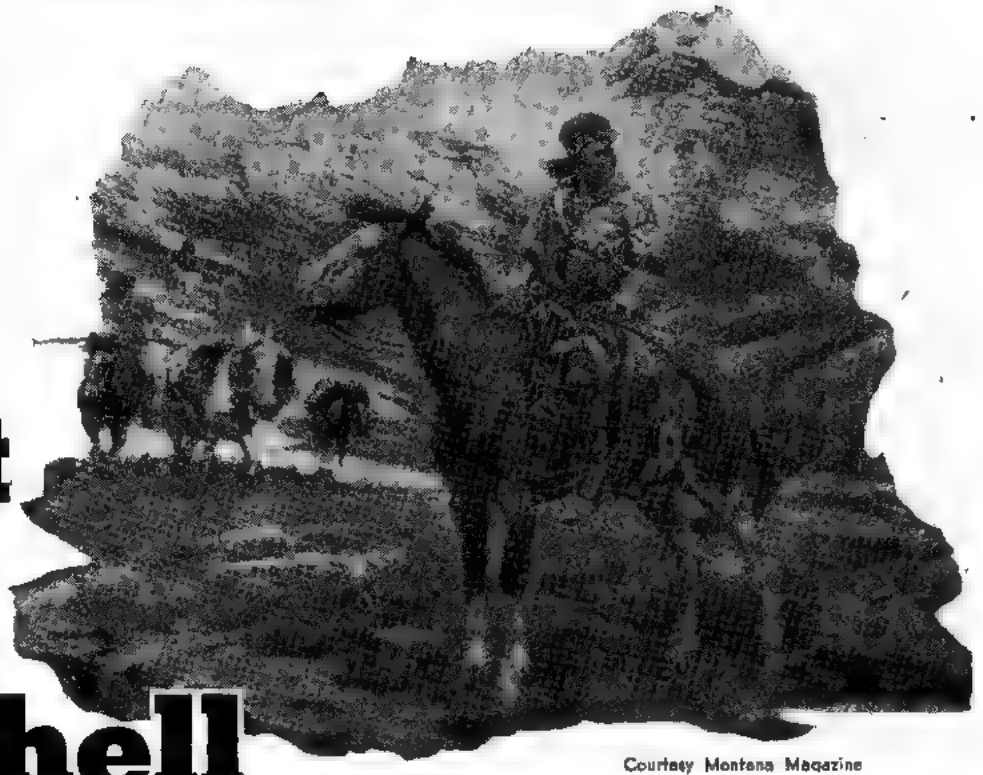
The hunters split up again and resumed their search of the territory from San Juan Capistrano to the Los Angeles River. One hundred and nineteen men were in the saddle for eleven days in what was one of the greatest man hunts in the history of the American West. Casualties—except for the killing of Sheriff Barton and his men—were minor. Only one man—Goddard—was wounded, and none were killed. Jose Antonio Serrano, the majordomo of Don Pio Pico, sustained a broken thigh when his horse fell from a cliff. Two other horses were killed in falls.

The campaign to capture the crafty bandit chief was carried on with almost military precision. Andres Pico and Don Jose Sepulveda furnished horses and beef for the hunters. James Thompson led a third party out of San Gabriel to guard the Santa Barbara

(Continued on page 52)

The Sioux thought Pike Landusky was crazy. Pike was crazy all right—crazy like a fox!

Incident on the Musselshell



Courtesy Montana Magazine

A typical trader of early Montana Days. From a Charles M. Russell painting called "Free Trappers."

By LEN TURNER

PIKE LANDUSKY and John Wirt had spent the winter trapping beaver and mink on the Musselshell River in central Montana Territory. They ran out of grub when spring came and had to go to Lewistown for supplies. Marauding Sioux and renegade fur thieves were thick, so they cached their furs under a cottonwood tree along the bank of the river. They dug a cave, put the bales of fur inside, and covered the outside with twigs and earth, making the scene look as natural as possible.

"Nobody will ever find them," Landusky said. And added darkly, "And, by Gawd, they'd better *not* find them!"

Landusky was a tall, rangy pioneer for whom later the town of Landusky, in the Little Rocky Mountains, was named. He had freighted, prospected, and he was tough. Old-timers say he never dodged a fight; his fiery temper was often his undoing. Except once . . .

They spent the night in Lewistown and came back the next day at dusk. They had seen no sign of redskin or white man. But when they came to their cache, the hole had been opened—their furs were gone.

Landusky was gray with rage. Then the fur-looters came out of the brush. The trappers were surrounded by a band of Sioux warriors. In mockery the braves had decorated their painted bodies with the stolen furs. One brave had a hound with him, on a buckskin leash.

"My dog he find the furs," he said.

Wirt noticed that Landusky's temper was ready to blow its valve, and he spoke quietly. "Nothing we can do, Pike. We'll be lucky if we get out of this with our hair on our heads."

Landusky said, "Them is our furs."

The chief shook his head. "They are ours now. And we want your pistols and your rifles."

Landusky would not give them his guns; neither would Wirt. They argued with the Sioux in broken English, in the Sioux tongue, and in sign language Landusky grew purple with rage. Neither man could understand it, but the redskins allowed them to keep their guns after taking the cartridges from them and taking all shells from the two trappers.

The Indians had made camp up the river and they took the white men there. Landusky refused to eat with them. Wirt later related that a few of the Sioux started eyeing his partner with something like fear in their brown eyes. Later he found out what had constituted that fear.

"I won't eat with a bunch of fur-robbers," Landusky said angrily.

Evidently, the chief wanted no trouble He and his bunch had jumped their reservation and even at that moment troops were scouring the rough country for them. Possibly he wanted as little trouble as possible, for trouble brought notice—and this would bring the troops.

"All right, you eat alone."

THEY were feasting from the grub Landusky and Wirt had bought in Lewistown. They had killed a buffalo and had lots of meat. They gave Landusky and Wirt two big steaks and a frying pan.

Landusky built a little fire away from the Sioux. Wirt talked to him quietly. "Pike, just hold your temper. We might get out of this alive if you put a rein on your temper."

"It's a wonder they haven't already scalped us!"

Wirt nodded patiently. He was content to play a waiting game. "I don't know why they haven't," he admitted. "They've got our furs. Our guns are useless, except as clubs. But we might get out alive, if we take things easy."

Landusky had steaks sizzling in the pan, and he merely nodded. He intended to play it Wirt's way, until a big brave came in and, over his shoulder, snatched at the steaks. This was too much for the Landusky temper.

Landusky flipped the frying pan upward. Buffalo steaks hit the brave in his face. Grease burned him. He leaped back howling in pain and rage. Landusky was on him like a cougar. He slammed the butt end of his rifle into the brave's hard belly. He doubled the man and hit him back of the neck with the rifle's barrel. The brave went down unconscious on his face.

John Wirt said huskily, "By Gawd, Pike, you did it! We ain't got a chance! Fight with your rifle as a club, 'cause they'll kill us now!"

Pike Landusky stood on wide legs, smoke from the fire curling around him. He was dressed in greasy buckskins and his moccasins were trail-worn. His hair hung to his broad shoulders and his eyes were the glittering eyes of a maniac. It was the terrible look in his eyes that saved his life.

"He is crazy!" a brave hollered.

Immediately, the Sioux shrunk back,

(Continued on page 34)

My Father Planned the James Boys' Capture

By THOMAS RILEY SHOUSE

Since the death of Jesse James early in 1882 and the surrender of brother Frank James in October of the same year, fantastic stories of the James Boys have thrived and multiplied. It is, therefore, a pleasure to present the following AUTHENTIC account of the last act in the career of these celebrated outlaws

Author's Note:

Before my father's death on September 7, 1919, he dictated to me data concerning the inside story of the plans to capture Jesse and Frank James, and how the plans were upset by the killing of Jesse.

On Sunday, December 18, 1938, the KANSAS CITY STAR revealed a secret which had remained inviolate for fifty-six years. I, at that time, was a resident of Clay County, Missouri, where formerly I was county judge.

The data was released then only because no one was alive who had any part in the plan. Also—since historians were trying to piece together all the links of Missouri history—I decided to make public this last link in the story of the James brothers. It was only upon long deliberation that I made this decision. A secret kept for fifty-six years, in strictest silence, is not one to be lightly broken. I will set the scene with the surrender of Frank James.

THURSDAY afternoon at five o'clock, October 5, 1882, there walked into the office of Governor Thomas T. Crittenden at Jefferson City, Missouri, a mild looking man of about thirty-eight. He was soft-spoken, cool and calm, and perhaps the deadliest man in the state in a personal encounter.

Pausing at the door of the office, he momentarily glanced at every man in the room before moving to the governor's desk. When only a few feet from Governor Crittenden, he halted, and addressed him:

"Governor, for the first time in twenty-one years, I now permit another man to take my pistol. I am Frank James . . . I surrender my unloaded arms to you personally. And I deliver myself to you and the law."

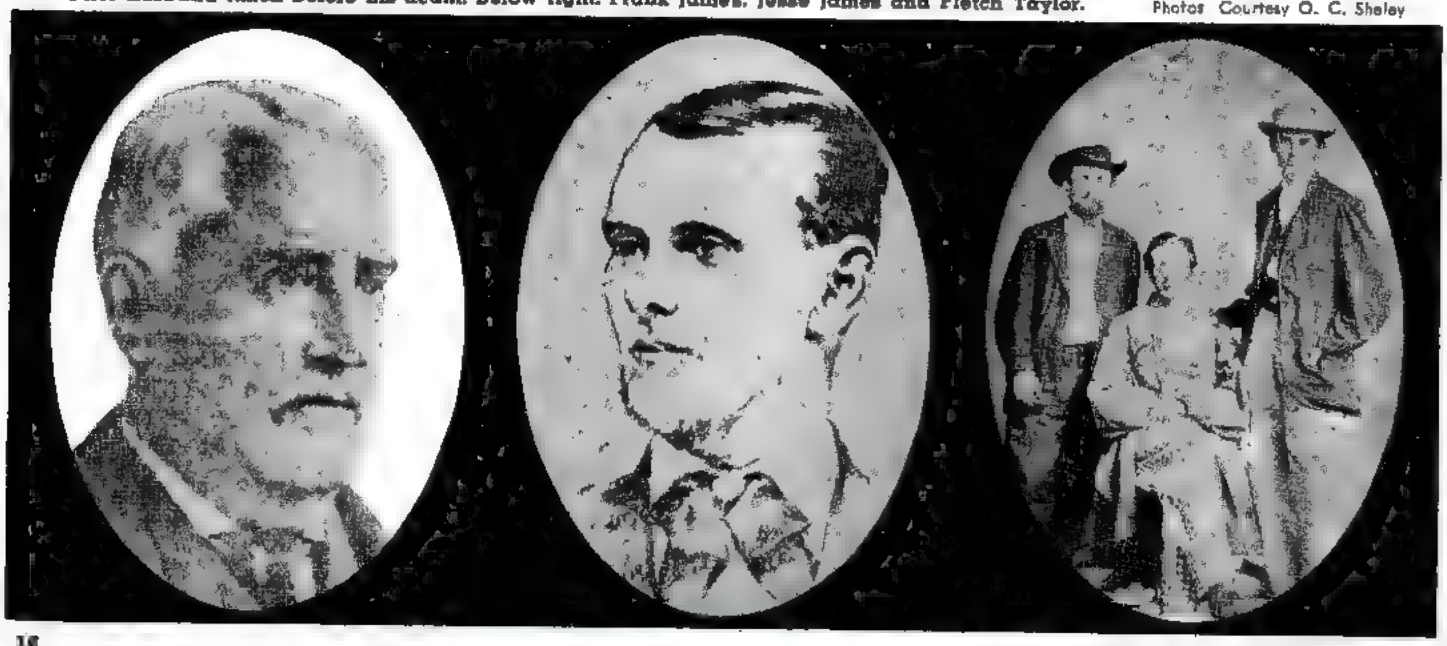
Frank James who was accompanied to the governor's office by Major John N. Edwards, unbuckled his belt containing a Remington .44 and forty-two cartridges, and handed them to Governor Crittenden.

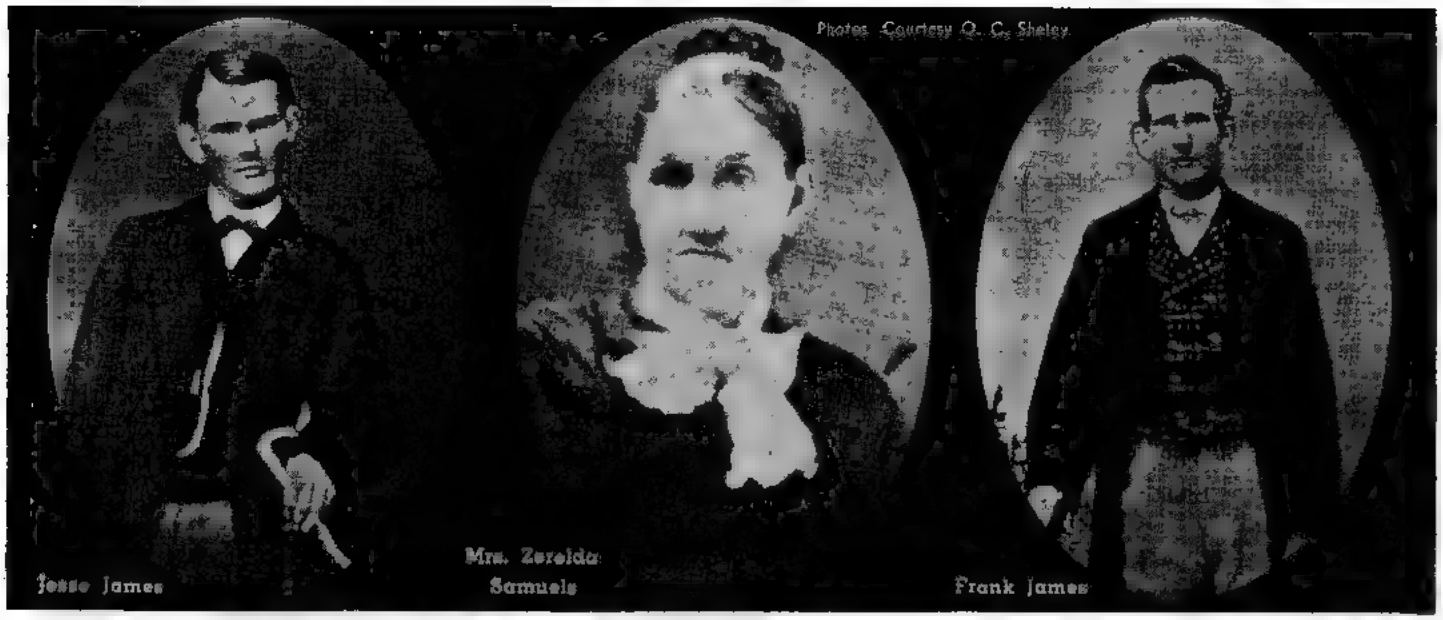
This was the surrender of the last man of the James gang; Jesse having been killed April 3, 1882, in St. Joseph.

Before I gave the *Kansas City Star* the secret guarded by my family through the years, I made it my business that they print a brief resume of my father's military life, stating it was evident that my father was an active and capable man, facing with courage and fidelity the problems which confronted any pioneer. The newspapermen did as I requested.

JOHN W. SHOUSE, was born September 12, 1825, in Franklin County, Kentucky, and came to Missouri in 1827 with his father. May 1, 1846, he enlisted for the Mexican War in Company C of the 1st Missouri volunteers under Col. A. W. Doniphan, and left Fort Leavenworth June 26, 1846. Shouse was at the battle of Sacramento that was fought on February 28, 1847, when Colonel Doniphan dismounted his left wing to charge the fort, and every seventh man was detailed to hold horses . . . Shouse was one of these 'horse-holders,' which he soon complained to Doniphan was not the chore of a fighting man; he

Below left: Governor Thomas T. Crittenden who approved the plans of John W. Shouse and others to capture Frank and Jesse James. Below center: Portrait of Jesse drawn from a photograph which was certified by Mrs. James to be the only late picture of her husband taken before his death. Below right: Frank James, Jesse James and Fletch Taylor. Photos Courtesy O. C. Sheley





said: "I'd hold hell in a fight but I did not come here to hold horses . . . I can do that at home." He then tied the bridles together and joined his comrades. After that battle, the capital of the state was captured.

Chihuahua taken, they occupied the city for some weeks. Doniphan left Chihuahua April 28, taking ship at Point Isabelle on his return to the States. The command, including Shouse, arrived at New Orleans June 27, and turned in their arms, were discharged and received their pay, the only money they had received since leaving home. Shouse was just a kid, when he enlisted.

Shouse raised a company of Missouri volunteers for the South in the Fall of 1861. He was elected captain of the company, went South and was in Col. John T. Hughes regiment, General Slack's brigade. He fought in the battles of Carthage, Pea Ridge and Corinth, and saw much action in the South. With failing health, he resigned his commission, and started home in 1863. In Polk County, Missouri, he was taken prisoner, and carried to Springfield, Missouri, where he was held four months before he managed to escape, and arrived home in late summer.

He lived on a farm just east of the home of the James boys. Jesse attended the district school and worked on their farm until he was sixteen years old. Frank James enlisted in the Southern army at the beginning of the Civil War.

Living near Kearney, in Clay County, Missouri, the Jameses were naturally Southern sympathizers, their mother being a native of Kentucky.

In that neighborhood at that time there were a great many sympathizers with the Northern cause. Many of these had formed themselves into organizations known as "Home Militia" or "Home Guards," and these often operated in conjunction with the raiders from Kansas, who came into Missouri to pillage and kill. Members of these organizations hated Zerelda Samuels, mother of the James boys, because she was a Southern sympathizer and outspoken in her loyalty to the Confederate cause.

OF the famous Jesse James beating by Northern militiamen, Jesse James, Jr., came forth with the factual accounting in his priceless paper-backed book, *Jesse James My Father*. For many years writers have had Jesse James beaten with sticks and rocks, but his son cleared up the legend when he wrote: "In the spring of 1863 a band of Northern militiamen came to my grandmother's home and demanded to know the whereabouts of Quantrill's band. My father was in the corn field plowing with Dr. Samuels. They took Dr. Samuels from the plow, driving him at the points of their bayonets to a tree near the barn, put a rope around his neck and hung him to a limb until he was nearly dead. They would lower him, demand that he tell where Quantrill was, and not knowing could not tell. Three times they strung him up and lowered him.

"The militiamen drove my father, who was only 15, up and down the corn rows, lashing his back with a rope and

(Continued on page 40)

The old James home on the farm near Kearney in Clay County. It was here the plotters kept watch in an effort to capture the James Boys. Jesse was born in the room beyond the pump. The device in the foreground is a corn-cutter.

Photo Courtesy Homer Croy

General Adam Rankin Johnson, builder of Marble Falls, Texas, the "blind man's town!"

Blind Builder

By MARY JOHNSON POSEY

"A man's achievements are limited only by his vision, courage and determination—not by any physical handicap he may incur."

These gallant words are those of General Adam R. Johnson who lost his eyesight in battle in the Civil War. This is his inspiring story, told by his daughter

IN the year 1854 a young Kentuckian named Adam Rankin Johnson rode his thoroughbred mount up the Colorado River of Texas from Fort Mason, seeking the "Great Falls of the Colorado." From grizzled old-timers he had heard of the falls, and the idea of harnessing the cascading waters with dam and flume to provide power for mill and factory instantly occurred to him. But west of Burnet he came upon Shirley Shoals—and forgot all about the Great Falls. Here, in this beautiful, picturesque country, he would build his dam.

As he sat his horse upon the bluff overlooking the shoals, he envisioned a dazzling future when the waters of this stream would be leashed and utilized for the benefit of his fellow men. A town would blossom here in the wilderness—a town made prosperous by water power!

Ground-hitching his horse, young Johnson dismounted and descended the bluff. He explored the river for several miles, returning to Shirley Shoals convinced that here must be the dam needed to store the water power. A great bluff of solid granite on the south side of the river, and the bottom of the stream completely floored with the same stone, made the most feasible location for a dam.

Climbing the bluff, Adam Johnson stood for a time recording in his mind every detail of the location. As he rode back to join the party of surveyors with whom he was going to invade the western part of the state, his excited thoughts kept time to the beat of his horse's hoofs: "My dream will come true—it *must* come true."

For six years he lived the adventurous life of a frontier surveyor in the wilds of west Texas, often fighting Indians while acting as a guard for government mail routes. A frail youth of twenty when he came to Texas, Adam developed into a spare, sinewy man of seemingly tireless endurance. From the wily Comanches he learned the cunning tactics of savage warfare; from the seasoned old scouts of the plains he learned the infinitely complex art of staying alive in a land where violent death was the penalty for carelessness.

Through all his six years on the frontier, Adam Johnson's bright dream was always foremost in his mind. When the surveyors finally returned to Burnet County in 1860, he was again fired with the desire to start work upon his enterprise. Right there the dream clashed with harsh reality.

HAVING no funds to begin the project, Adam wandered along the Colorado from point to point in search of a spot where less money would be required to carry out his plan. Thus, eventually, he came upon the "Great Falls" he had first sought. Here he found the river dammed by a natural barrier of adamantine stone, forming a beautiful lake that would furnish the necessary power for a cotton factory and water plant. Abandoning his first choice of a dam site—but still planning to later acquire it—he began investigations for getting the land required at the second site. A jolting shock was in store for him.

After the independence of the Republic of Texas was established, land grants or certificates were issued to people who were entitled thereto under the laws of the republic. These certificates, given principally to those who had helped colonize the country and to veterans of the war against Mexico, were located upon such a part of the public domain as the holder found accessible. Often the location was made before the patent was issued and the land under such location changed hands several times prior to the issuance of the patent. In Burnet County, some of the patents were issued as early as 1838, perhaps some before then. These patents covered those issued in 1845, the year Texas entered the Union.

Adam Johnson's investigations quickly brought to light the bitter fact that the title to the land he sought was invalid. Under these circumstances he could not ask people to invest their money in his plan.

About this time the Civil War broke out. All U. S. soldiers were recalled from Fort Croghan, at Burnet, and Johnson was left in command of the practically deserted post. He promptly asked to be relieved and hurried to Kentucky to fight for the South.

A natural soldier, Johnson rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate Army. Leading a charge at the battle of Grubbs Cross Roads, Kentucky, he suffered a facial wound that was to cost him his eyesight. His men left him purposely on the battlefield in the hope that Federal surgeons would care for him. (At this point in the long conflict, the South was virtually depleted of both doctors and medical supplies.) General Johnson was carried as a prisoner of war to Fort Warren. His capture was the means of saving his life, although the Federal surgeons could do nothing to save his eyesight.

General Johnson's kinsman, Abraham Speed, was President Lincoln's secretary of war. Notified of the general's capture, Secretary Speed accomplished his release in six months.

AT the close of the war, Adam Johnson returned to Texas fired anew with ambition to achieve his dream. Undaunted by blindness, mentally more alert than ever, he saw with clear inner

vision that much time must elapse before his projected enterprise could be attempted. He must work, make money, and then—with something concrete to offer potential investors—strive to raise the necessary capital for the completion of his plan.

He had married before the war and now settled in Llano County. Four years he lived here, under almost constant pressure from hostile Indians. His young wife finally persuaded him to return to Burnet and open a land office there.

For thirteen years Adam Johnson followed this business, often making long trips to the plains in a buggy with his young son as driver. Going sometimes where there were no roads, he directed the boy from memory of the country as it was when he surveyed it many years before. Such was his determination and business acumen, his blindness did not prevent him from prospering. He became a rich man, as riches were reckoned in that day.

Thirty years passed before Adam Johnson began to realize his dream. In 1886 and 1887 the town of Marble Falls was "laid off," plotted, and town lots sold. A little city sprang up along the river—a city that quickly became known as "The Blind Man's Town." For the blind builder, throughout the long years, had patiently investigated every avenue of legal procedure until at last he had obtained title to the land he sought.

Not content with anything less than his original plan for the town, he interested Eastern capitalists to help accomplish his ideal. A cotton factory and water plant were built, and water mains laid awaiting the time when water should be turned into all parts of the city. Then, with destructive suddenness, the river rose in a mighty flood and washed away the power plant and flume.

General Johnson heard the roaring of the flood and realized instantly what tragedy sounded for him in the mad rush of the waters. He bowed his head in prayer at that sad moment, then resolutely squared his shoulders in silent resolve to go on with the fight.

As soon as the flood subsided, everything he owned went into the rebuilding of what the rampaging river had destroyed in minutes. Seven blackland farms and much other valuable property were pooled to raise the necessary capital. The work began all over again.

Only by interesting Northern capitalists could the general obtain machinery for his cotton mill at Marble Falls. Time was precious. So, with a young man to guide him, Adam Johnson made the long trip to New York City and, by his enthusiasm and magnetic personality, gained financial support from the shrewd men of money. He returned to Marble Falls elated with his success, only to learn shortly that news of the recent disastrous flood had reached his backers and they had withdrawn their support.

A lesser man would have quit under such a blow, not Adam Johnson. As if in appreciation of his courage and persistence, just at this time the government paid him $20,000 for horses and cattle stolen by the Indians from his Llano ranch. With the cool nerve of a seasoned gambler he daringly threw every dollar of this windfall into accomplishing his long-sought dream.

With the super-sensitive touch of the blind, he had lovingly felt the stones as the workers laid in the walls of the cotton factory. In his mind every detail of the structure was as distinct as if he had vision, as stone by stone it took shape and stood a finished building Then, in thrilling succession, followed the power plant, the shoe factory and the school house. But the blind architect of this new town was faced with the fact that a railroad was an economic necessity if his town was to grow and flourish.

ACCORDINGLY, Adam Johnson journeyed to Austin to plead his case before the state legislature. And again it seemed, as with the government payment that had enabled him to work on, the gods of fate or chance had relented before the Spartan courage of this man of inner vision and given him a lift.

Shortly before his trip to Austin, the old capitol had burned and a new state house had to be built. Just before the general arrived in Austin the legislature had decided to build a state house of which Texans would be proud, fashioned of Texas stone. The news fired Adam Johnson's keen brain with a brilliant idea.

(Continued on page 34)

"Cotton Day" on the main business street of the blind man's town. From an early day photograph.

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The Shame of Natchez

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

No law could stop the White Slave Ring; but Carlos did—by joining it

THE FLATBOAT, anchored fifty yards off the Natchez dock in a quiet eddy of the Mississippi, was loaded with women ranging in ages from sixteen to thirty. Almost half of them were white; the rest octoroons, quadroons and a few mulattoes. All wore loose cotton dresses that could be yanked off in a jiffy, revealing their nude bodies for the inspection of two dozen dive keepers, brothel owners and spectators crowded about the craft in small boats and skiffs. The personal belongings of the women were stacked on one end of the flatboat while four river ruffians strolled about the deck with coiled whips in their hands to prevent escapes. The flatboat had been anchored offshore for the same purpose.

"Now what am I offered for this little lady?" the nasal-voiced auctioneer, Sam Purdy, sang out. Before him, standing on a bale of cotton which served as an auction block, was a young white girl. "She's a purty one, gents—knows all the answers to your problems. What am I bid?"

"Let's see more!" someone cried. "Can't buy 'em sight unseen."

There was a splash in the river at the far end of the flatboat and the crowd shrieked in unison, "Woman overboard, Purdy! Woman overboard!"

Raucous laughter exploded and there was a stir among the small boats.

A white girl back in the closely huddled group waiting their turn on the auction block had leaped headfirst into the murky waters. Two men in a skiff darted quickly to the spot where she had gone down and soon lifted her kicking and screaming onto the flatboat where she was seized by the guards.

"For God's sakes," she screamed, "ain't there no gentlemen in the crowd?"

Apparently there weren't, for no one stepped forward to claim that dubious distinction, according to the *Natchez Gazette*.

"A lot of spunk in that one, Purdy! I'll bid fifty for her right now."

"Seventy-five!" another offered.

All trading in women was in American dollars.

But Purdy wanted to do one thing at a time. He turned to the girl on the bale of cotton. "All right, sister, off with it. These people want to see what they're buying."

Hesitantly the girl complied, stripping off her dress to reveal a slender, well-proportioned body of milk-white skin, an asset any girl on the Mississippi would be proud of, before coldly appraising eyes.

"Fifty!" was bid, the *Gazette* account, that of an eye-witness, said.

"Sixty!"

Purdy, an infamous character in his own right, turned the girl around, displaying her shapely backside to the other half of the crowd, then he spun her around once more for the benefit of those of the far side of the boat.

SHE WAS SOLD for $125. Sold at public auction—a white woman. That, you may think, could never happen here in the United States. But it *did* happen at Natchez Under the Hill, or Lower Natchez as the tenderloin district was sometimes called. Natchez itself stood aloof from all this, minding its own business.

"You're next!" Purdy pointed at the girl rescued from the river. "Come here, wench."

Shoved forward by her more conciliatory sisters in sin, she stepped upon the bale of cotton and from that position took a wicked swing at the auctioneer, who drew back just in time to avoid the blow.

The crowd roared, admiring her spunk.

Purdy, quick to catch the pulse of any buying crowd, smiled, for he knew this one would bring a pretty penny.

Her name was Marie Field, Missouri Territorial court records say she was

eighteen, but that was the following year. Now, in May of 1804, she was but seventeen.

Marie's long black hair, soggy with grimy river water, hung down her back almost to her slender waist, giving her a slovenly appearance, but when the guards yanked off her sodden dress, revealing her trim, youthful figure, there was a stir among the boats as eager bidders jockeyed for more advantageous positions.

"Now gentlemen," Purdy began his appraisal, "this here one's got it. A little beauty, and a spitfire to boot. What am I offered?"

"Two hundred and fifty!"

"Four hundred!"

"Now, gentlemen, this gal's worth a thousand of anybody's money," smirked the auctioneer.

He was over-conservative. Marie sold to a dive keeper from New Orleans for $1,650, said to have been the highest price ever paid for a woman, black or white, on the Natchez market. In those days $1,650 was a small fortune.

What Purdy had sold actually was Marie's contract with her buyer, but when Purdy sold a contract he went through the whole rigamarole of selling the woman herself, as if she were a sheep or a cow. He could legally sell the blacks as slaves, but when he offered a white woman on the auction block he was violating not only the law covering human bondage, but all moral codes as well.

IN THOSE early times along the Mississippi it was customary for a white woman who wished to become a prostitute to sign a contract with an "agent" on a sixty-forty split, sixty to the agent and forty to the woman. On his part, the agent agreed to keep her in food and clothing for a period of time—usually three years—whether she worked or not. But down in fine print the paper stated that he had a right during the life of the contract to dispose of it to anyone for a price.

SINCE THE LAWS of the territory did not sanction prostitution, they could not be expected to uphold such a contract, but Purdy and his procurers frightened the women into believing they did, and rather than be hauled into court and publicly debased, most of the women submitted to the auction block. The few who rebelled were horribly beaten and mistreated, according to the *Gazette* account.

The term "white slaver" is said to have originated back in the seventeenth century, in England, but white slavery in this country undoubtedly had its inception on the Mississippi, at Natchez Under the Hill, which is described in various accounts as "hell on earth." It drew the attention of reformers as far back as 1784 when a Tennessee preacher invaded the town and went away indignantly spouting invectives. "For the size of it," wrote John Bradbury in 1810, "there is not, perhaps, in the world a more profligate place." In his book, *Natchez on the Mississippi*, H. T. Kane said of it, "What ever you liked, Mister, and how you liked it, you got it in Natchez."

As for Natchez proper, sitting on the bluff above the river, it practically ignored the existence of Natchez Under the Hill, or Lower Town. Purdy and his gang had held three auctions, both including white women, selling them "down the river" with no interference whatever from the outside. The phrase, "sold down the river" is said to have sprung from these operations.

IN THE BIG auction of May, 1804, when over twenty white women along with seventeen slave women were sold for immoral purposes, some citizens of Natchez proper witnessed the events from the bluffs. One was Carlos White,

"Now what am I offered for this little lady?" the nasal-voiced auctioneer sang out.

a young man in his late twenties from New York state. The son of a New York politician, he had come to Natchez hoping to hook up with a wagon train going West.

"Whatever in the world is going on down there?" he inquired of one of the men standing watching the show down at the river.

"Auction," said the other. "Selling women."

"But is that sort of thing permitted?"

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Permitted or not, it goes on."

Some of the spectators left after a time, but White stayed for the whole show. He saw two of the women, both white, struck across the back with whips when they balked at taking off their dresses, and before the sale had ended two more leaped into the river and were pulled out by men in the small boats.

White was so incensed by these acts that he called personally upon Governor William Claiborne and protested.

"I have heard of such things," Claiborne said, "but I thought it was all talk. There is so much being said these days about Lower Natchez that one doesn't know what to believe. You are the first to bring me an eye-witness account."

Claiborne had other fish to fry. Having just resigned as governor of Mississippi, to accept the new governorship at New Orleans, by appointment, he had no time for White and his complaints. He advised the young man to go see Andrew Marschalk, editor of the *Mississippi Herald* in Natchez. Marschalk, he said, would be the man to stir up the law about this sort of thing going on under his very nose.

But Marschalk was not interested. He pointed out that there really was no law in the territory against white slavery, none that would apply at least in Purdy's case, since Purdy held contracts with the women. While he highly disapproved of such things, he could not interfere in the internal politics of Lower Natchez.

Suspecting that at least one side of Marschalk's bread was being buttered from Lower Natchez, White saw Benjamin Stokes, editor of the *Gazette*, also a Natchez publication. There were three papers in the town at the time, the *Mississippi Herald*, the *Gazette* and the *Intelligencer*.

In his next issue, Stokes came out with a blast against the "white slavers," the one-column headline reading:

"THE SHAME OF NATCHEZ"

Though the Gazette's circulation totaled about 250 subscribers, the impact of the story was felt all along the river. Its effect was to discourage brothel keepers from coming to the auctions. In fact two scheduled sales were cancelled.

SOON after this, Stokes' life was threatened and one night his press was wrecked.

"See what you've done to me," Stokes moaned. "You got me into this mess, now get me out of it."

"I will get you out of it on one condition," White replied, "and that is you must continue fighting Purdy and his gang. I will go into Lower Natchez incognito, as a flatboatman and see what I can learn about these fellows. Meanwhile, see if you can find any law on the statutes that will stop this sort of thing."

White found soon enough, after he had checked into the town wearing two pistols in his belt, that Purdy's men had no fear of the law. To the contrary, they were operating under the misapprehension that the law protected *them*. The fact that he had conducted three sales of women without any official interference from the outside had convinced Purdy that his operations were legal enough.

White's first night in Natchez Down Under convinced him that no law would ever stop the scandalous things that were going on there. He witnessed two knife fights, in one of which a man was killed; the watching crowd apparently knew the victor, for after the fight they turned away quickly and went on about their business, pretending not to have seen it. The body lay where it fell, until someone discreetly dragged it down to the river and consigned it to the murky waters.

Several shots were fired in the saloons, and out of one a young man ran with blood streaming down his shirt. Behind him came a woman with a smoking pistol in her hand. No one did anything about it, White later told publisher Stokes.

Ox-carts moved slowly along the street at midnight, as did a line of slaves being transferred from a flatboat to the town above. From every dive and brothel came the tinny sounds of music, or what passed for music. In this stinkhole of filth a man took what he wanted or what he could grab, and told the world to take a flying jump. "He kept what he caught until a hardier bucko came along and strangled or gutted him for it," wrote Kane in describing "Hell Under the Hill." There was at least one rough-and-tumble fight an hour, with no holds restricted. It was as wild a place as God ever let live, White was to say afterward.

White learned that Purdy had assembled about fifteen women, seven of them white-skinned, to be sold at auction as soon "as things quieted down a little." By this it was meant that as soon as buyers considered it safe to come to the auctions without advance publicity, they would be on hand. And of course Purdy, a former Kentuckian who was said to have killed three men, would have a wide selection of girls for them to choose from.

Housed temporarily in one of the rattletrap hotels, the women were guarded night and day, like wild animals.

White was told that three of the white girls were in their early teens, practically children yet and he strongly suspected that they had been stolen from homes along the river. (The word *kidnapped* was not yet used to apply to anyone over the age of puberty.) News traveled slowly in those days and if any of the girls had been stolen, word of it had not yet reached Natchez Under the Hill.

WHITE immediately got word to Stokes of the pending auction.

By now the wrecked press had been repaired and was ready to roll again. The next issue carried the customary one-column head that was used over all news stories, big or little, but it had the power of an eight-column banner-line:

"TO SELL MORE GIRLS"

Stokes craftily saw to it that before any papers were distributed locally, those copies destined for the river towns, both up and down the stream, got away on the flatboats unread. By the time local subscribers were taken care of, news of the pending sale spread.

Its immediate effect was to discourage buyers from coming to Natchez, and without buyers Purdy was stuck with feeding and housing the women, the only satisfaction White and Stokes got out of it temporarily. White was sure Purdy would stage his auction elsewhere to escape the publicity and so he kept his ears to the ground for any rumors of a pending sale.

Meanwhile he kept an eye glued on the hotel. Posing as an unemployed flatboatman he could get by with observing the place from nearby, since other flatboatmen stood about ogling it. The girls were a public attraction.

But trouble was brewing for Stokes.

Andy Marschalk, editor of the opposition *Mississippi Herald*, which had remained aloof to the stir under the hill, came to see Stokes shortly after the story appeared.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you've let yourself in for something. Those fellows down there are not going to take this lying down. They tried to ruin you once and they'll do it again. I think for your own protection you had better hire some guards for the next few days."

Marschalk, known today as "the father of journalism in Mississippi," was a fair-minded man and, though he had no love for Stokes, he felt it his duty to warn his competitor.

Stokes posted armed guards inside the little plant and sure enough, along about one o'clock in the morning half a dozen forms were seen closing in on the building. One of the guards, a man named Buhl, got "buck fever" and slammed off a charge of buckshot that sent the invaders loping back down the hill. No one was hurt so far as could be learned.

Meanwhile, Carlos White was picking up information about Purdy and his men wherever he could, careful not to tip his hand. He pretended to be interested in the three young girls whose faces he could see at one of the upper windows. From the looks of the girls, he was sure they were there against their will, that they had not been harlots in the first place and more likely were from Mississippi homes.

"I'll bet they're girls that old Purdy don't have any legal right to sell," a man who had been standing with White watching the hotel said. "They're too young, only kids."

"What makes you think he has a legal right to sell any of them?" White snapped thoughtlessly, and the man gave him a quick appraisal.

"Well, I dunno about that, but he sure wouldn't have a right to sell stolen girls, would he? I mean if he got 'em from old Jim Feeney."

"Who is Jim Feeney?" White asked, all attention.

"Why, you ain't heard of Jim Feeney? Steals niggers and sells 'em up-river. Steals white girls too—when he can. Steals 'em up-river and sells 'em down-river."

Fearful that he might tip his hand, White passed the matter off lightly and went on about his business.

HE soon learned that Feeney had been identified some years back with the wholesale killings along the Natchez Trace, the dangerous pioneer trail that

(Continued on page 46)

LICEN
ELECTRONIC REP

BACK in the year 1906 my aunt, Miss Alice Cook, decided that if young men could go West in search of fame, fortune and adventure, what was to prevent a young schoolmarm from doing the same? Teaching school in the little town of Shannon, Illinois, wasn't exactly Miss Cook's idea of an adventuresome life. About the only distinction Miss Cook had in Shannon was the fact that her father was the village banker and a man who had shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln following the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Freeport. But so had many other people shaken hands with Abe Lincoln. Miss Cook lived not for the past, but the future, which was reason enough for this young girl to strike out alone—to a land that was supposedly "For Men Only."

How Miss Cook ever managed to land a job on a Cheyenne, Wyoming, newspaper was something my aunt always called, "Just plain luck." Perhaps it was due to the fact that there weren't too many educated people in Wyoming at that time and the editor could use someone who had dabbled with college degrees.

It was at least six months before she began to be even vaguely familiar with

Miss Alice Cook as she looked back in 1906.

A stranger to the West, sick and in trouble was the

Man With The Notebook

By WILLIAM F. HILLS

the people, places, and events in this strange new land. It was so different from Illinois, so wild and free and unpredictable. The ceaseless war between the cowmen and the homesteaders was at its height and the little newspaper was never at a loss for news of the violence which reigned on all sides. The question as to whom the land rightly belonged to had no answer then and it still has none today. It all depends on which side of the fence you choose to stand. Perhaps the cowmen had the more valid reason: they were there first. Yet they must have known, deep in their hearts, that they couldn't hold their empires forever; new people *had* to come; progress *had* to come. It was only a question of time.

And so it was my aunt came to meet the man with the notebook. He never offered his name to anyone—at least during the time he was in Cheyenne—and even the name he had given at the hotel where he stayed was fictitious.

SHE was alone in the office that bright summer morning when a strange-looking man approached her. She knew at first sight he was not a Westerner. He was very simply dressed in a ragged brown suit, button shoes and what looked like an English riding cap. But it was not so much his clothes as his face that looked out of place in this sun-baked land. It was so deathly pale. His thin, twisted features set in a corpse-like mask sent little shivers down Miss Cook's spine. She was conscious of many emotions under the man's searching eyes; she felt fear instantly, and yet strangely interested as to just *who* the man could be, and *what* could he want in a newspaper office.

"Good morning, Miss Cook," the stranger said with a small grin.

"Good morning—ah—*sir* . . . . How did you know my name?"

The stranger ignored the question. He said, "Miss Cook, my business is finding names. Not just the names of people, but of places and events. If you would be so kind as to give me the information I'm looking for I shall be deeply grateful."

And so, for the next hour or more Miss Cook did her best to give the stranger such answers as she had at her disposal relative to people, places and events which were considered "news" at that particular time. The stranger took it all down in his notebook, stopping her occasionally to make sure he had it right. He seemed to be especially interested in outlaws, stressing that it was imperative that he learn as much of their background as possible. Since his questioning seemed to be directed toward the criminal element, it is little wonder Miss Cook reached an imagined conclusion that this man was probably with the Secret Service, or some such governmental agency.

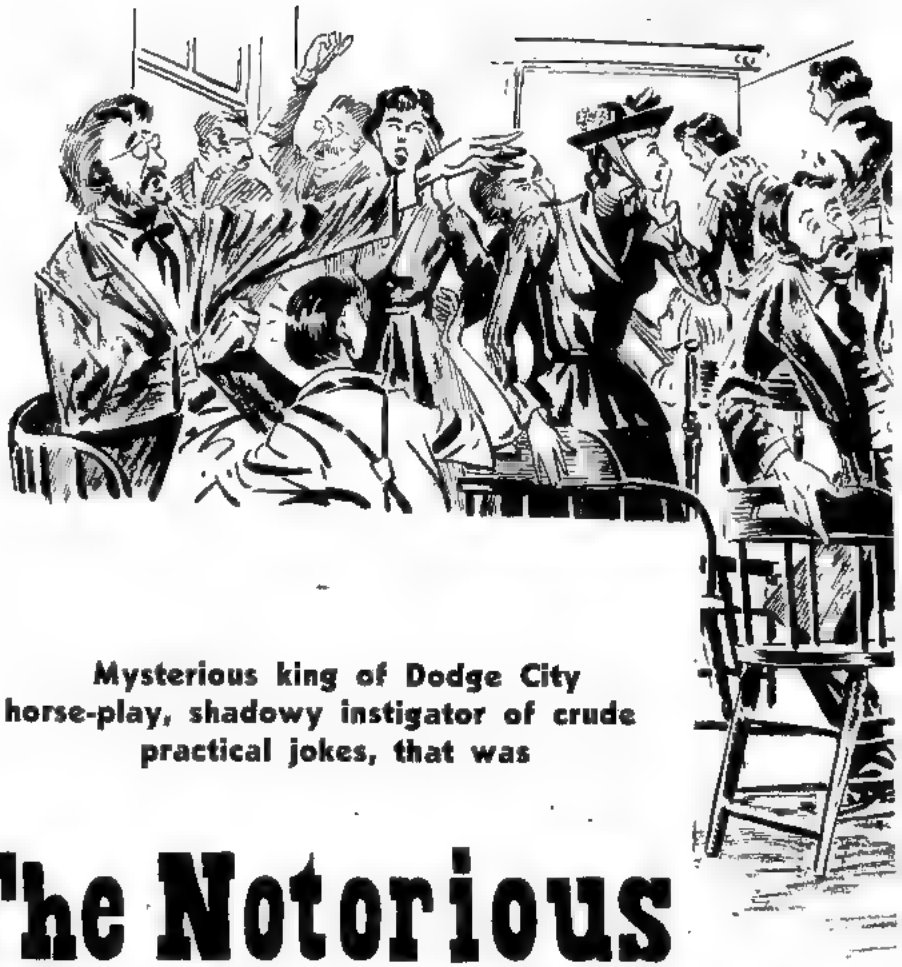
And, he was a sick man. No one who looked as he did could possibly be in good health. She wondered why the government would employ a man who was obviously dying! She fought back a desire to ask the man: Just who are *you*? Where are *you* from? What is *your* background?

But she didn't. Somehow she knew instinctively that it would be useless to pry. Here was a man who would talk about himself *only* if he wanted to. Even then he would do so voluntarily and not through questioning. There was nothing she could do but give the fellow what he wanted, and when he finally said "Thank you" and walked out the door she slumped over her desk in relief. What a strange man! So completely out of place here in the West . . . Or was he?

He was back again the next day. And the next; until finally, after three straight days of sitting on her desk and *pestering* her with his questions, the stranger was satisfied. At least that is what Miss Cook thought. What she didn't know was that she was destined to meet the man one more time. Just one more time, and then he would be gone out of her life, forever.

IT was on a late Wednesday night the following week. Miss Cook was working late as the paper went to press the following day. The editor had gone to Denver on business, leaving his paper almost entirely in the hands of a young Illinois schoolmarm. She never liked to work alone and at night. On this night in particular she could feel something ominous lurking in the black shadows which lay like shrouds upon the city;

(Continued on page 64)



Mysterious king of Dodge City horse-play, shadowy instigator of crude practical jokes, that was

The Notorious Luke McGlue

THE CIGAR drummer from St. Joseph spread his wares on a table in the lobby of the Dodge House and smiled blandly at the Dodge City citizens who stopped by to inspect his aromatic samples. A biting Kansas wind was sweeping down Front Street that winter day in the mid-1870's, rattling the windows of the hotel and chasing pedestrians in to seek warmth around the pot-bellied stoves.

The drummer had delivered his spiel to a number of Dodge's most influential citizens and had written up a few orders when the ranks of the curious thinned a bit and he utilized the respite to straighten up the display boxes on the table. Suddenly the St. Joseph man's jaw snapped shut and his mustache quivered. Several boxes of his best cigars had vanished right from under his nose! The indignant drummer locked up his cases and marched straight to the office of the city marshal, where he demanded the immediate apprehension of the cigar thief.

A deputy was assigned to accompany him on a search for the culprit and together the two began a tour of the numerous saloons. In the Long Branch they found the owners, Chalk Beeson and Bill Harris, quietly talking over the bar to a group of men. Around their heads floated a cloud of fragrant blue smoke and in every mouth was a freshly lit cigar wrapped in the band of the drummer's company. From each vest pocket protruded a fistful of the missing cheroots.

The cigar man strode up and pointed an accusing finger under Chalk Beeson's nose. "Where," he demanded, "did you get that cigar?"

Beeson directed a jet of smoke toward the ceiling and smiled warmly. "Why, Luke McGlue gave them to us. And, I might add, a better stogie I never enjoyed."

"Luke McGlue?"

"Yes. Luke McGlue."

"Gave them to you?" the drummer asked incredulously.

"Presented them to us with his compliments not ten minutes ago. Fine fellow, McGlue. Generous. Has good taste too."

"And where, sir," asked the drummer his face scarlet, "may I find this man McGlue?"

Beeson, Harris and the others turned and scanned the crowded saloon. "Doesn't seem to be here just now," Beeson said. "But look around town a little. You'll find him. Just ask for Mister McGlue."

"Mister McGlue indeed!" said the drummer, turning on his heel. "Why the man's nothing but a common—a common cigar thief!"

Dodge's Front Street in the seventies was lined with saloons and gambling houses and the man from St. Joe with the deputy trailing behind hit every one of them in his quest for the elusive Luke McGlue. At the Opera House Saloon, the Old House Saloon, the Alamo, the Alhambra and the Junction it was the same story. McGlue had been to each and departed, leaving a knot of happily puffing cigar smokers in his wake.

When all of the Front Street pleasure houses had been thoroughly examined, the drummer headed determinedly across the Santa Fe tracks to the notorious South Side and its congested array of gin mills, gambling hells and honky-tonks. At the Green Front, the Lady Gay, the Peacock and the Lone Star Dancehall it was the same story. The tired deputy marshal caught up with the stalking hunter at the door of the Lone Star.

"Friend," he said, "don't you think it's time to give up this chase?"

"Give up? Just when we've got this McGlue person almost cornered? Why the barkeep in that last place said—"

"Yeah, I know what he said. But all those stolen cigars must be about burnt up by now. Why don't you just forget the whole thing?"

"How can I forget it when I know the culprit's name? Apparently this McGlue is a respected member of your community, but I intend to unmask him, to reveal him for the despicable sneak thief he really is. This man McGlue—"

"Son," the officer said pityingly, "I figgered you to catch on before this. There ain't no Luke McGlue. I been in and around this camp for four years and until today I never once heard the name." He turned to face the string of false-fronted buildings they had just toured. Dimly, above the whine of the wind, he could hear raucous laughter behind the thin walls. "I've a hunch, though, that I haven't heard the last of Luke McGlue."

THE DEPUTY was right. Dodge was to hear much of the mythical Luke McGlue in the following years. The cowcamp which was to become nationally famous—or infamous—as the Gomorrah of the Plains, the Babylon of the Frontier, the toughest little city on earth, achieved almost equal fame for her pranks and pranksters. The perpetrators of some of the practical jokes played on newcomers to Dodge in its heyday were well-known local figures and their identities were not hidden. Usually these jokesters were noted gunfighters against whom their victims feared to retaliate. But when a prank was played anonymously, the credit for its creation was inevitably given to the notorious Luke McGlue while all Dodge laughed at the discomfiture of the victim.

The Reverend O. W. Wright came to Dodge to preach the gospel in that sin-ridden city. The minister was well liked and the Front Street gamblers, prompted by Ford County Sheriff Bat Masterson and Assistant Marshal Wyatt Earp who served as his deacons, kittyed out enough money in two days to build him a church. The Dodge City Ladies Aid Society, the backbone of Reverend Wright's congregation, conceived the idea of a baby contest to raise a missionary fund. Youngsters under a year of age and Dodge City born qualified as entrants. A winner was to be determined by ballots which were to sell at six for a quarter. A prize of one hundred

By ROBERT K. DeARMENT

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Mysterious Dave rose to his feet and unlimbered his guns.

dollars in gold was donated by Luke Short who ran the gambling concession in the Long Branch Saloon. Rivalry between the backers of the various entrants was strong and as the ballot sales campaign drew to a close, the men of the town were solicited at every turn by vote-peddling women. On the last day there was a phenomenal sale. The Front Street crowd bought ballots in ten and twenty dollar lots and Reverend Wright and the church ladies bubbled with pleasure.

A church supper was held that evening and the ballots counted. Reverend Wright rose to announce that the church had benefitted by over two thousand dollars with the contest. Everyone applauded and the saloon boys in the rear of the house called for the name of the winner. The mothers of the competing babies beamed in anticipation of victory from their seats of honor in the front row. The minister read the results of the race, naming the contestant with the fewest votes and continuing upward toward the winner. The offspring of each of the confident mothers was eliminated in turn and as the preacher paused before reading the name of the winning baby, the women looked at one another in astonishment. None of them had won. But then—who had?

Reverend Wright read a name unknown to any of them and looked bewilderedly at the audience. "Does anyone present know this child?" he asked

The sporting gentry in the rear seats were roaring with laughter. Deacons Earp and Masterson rose from their midst. They knew the identity of the winning baby, they said, and if everyone would be patient they would have the child brought to the church.

In a few minutes the deacons were back, escorting a very large and very dark Cyprian from a South Side Negro dancehall, who carried a small baby in her dusky arms.

Reverend Wright, after recovering, somewhat from his initial shock, asked the Negress if the name of the winner was that of her child. It was, she said, and where was the hundred dollars that she had been promised?

The mother of one of the losing entrants, apparently lacking the sense of humor of the boys in the back who were convulsed with mirth, rose to demand angrily, "Who is the father of that child?"

"That," said Reverend Wright sternly, awarding the sack of gold, "is this lady's business."

ANOTHER prank was played on the minister shortly after his arrival in Dodge. He had a pony of which he was inordinately fond and upon which he rode almost daily to visit the members of his congregation. He was grief-stricken to find one day that some dark-souled sinner had stolen his horse. The law enforcement officials of the town assured him that every effort would be made to apprehend the culprit. A deputy hurried to the minister soon afterward with the glad tidings that the stolen mount had been located and the thief captured. Reverend Wright was overjoyed. But then the deputy posed a question. It was customary, he said, in cases of horse-stealing for the injured party to determine the punishment of the criminal. Would Reverend Wright prefer the thief to be hanged or shot? The gentle minister gravely declined the responsibility for that decision.

As the deputy was leaving, the minister asked, "Who was the man who stole my horse?"

"A very bad actor," replied the deputy. "His name is Luke McGlue."

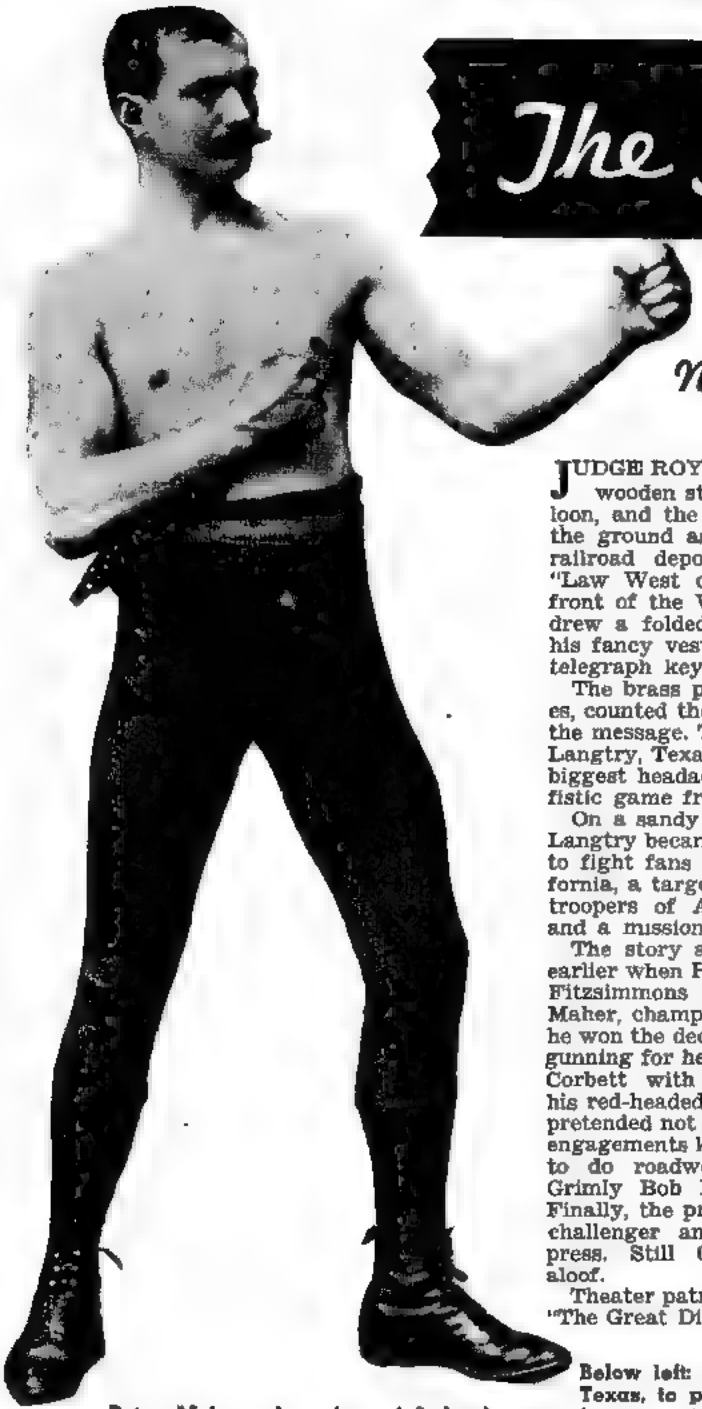
"McGlue," the preacher repeated thoughtfully. "I don't think I know him. Well, at least it was not a member of my flock."

Reverend Wright was not the only man of God to become the butt of a Dodge City joke. Brother Johnson, an itinerant preacher, held a series of evan-

(Continued on page 54)

The Fight That Almost

A wiley man was Judge Roy Bean
Not even the Texas Rangers could cramp his



Peter Maher, champion of Ireland.

JUDGE ROY BEAN clattered down the wooden steps of his Jersey Lily Saloon, and the heels of his boots chewed the ground as he strode rapidly to the railroad depot. The judge, self-styled "Law West of the Pecos," stopped in front of the Western Union desk, withdrew a folded paper from a pocket of his fancy vest and dropped it near the telegraph key.

The brass pounder adjusted his glasses, counted the words, then began to tap the message. That wire, dispatched from Langtry, Texas, in 1896, kayoed boxing's biggest headache in time to prevent the fistic game from taking a ten count.

On a sandy flat near the Rio Grande, Langtry became a headline term familiar to fight fans between Europe and California, a target of Texas Rangers, state troopers of Arizona and New Mexico, and a mission for Mexican forces.

The story actually begins four years earlier when Robert Roy "Fighting Bob" Fitzsimmons won a bout from Peter Maher, champion of Ireland. As soon as he won the decision, Fitzsimmons started gunning for heavyweight title-holder Jim Corbett with all the determination in his red-headed body. But Gentleman Jim pretended not to hear; besides, theatrical engagements kept the champion too busy to do roadwork and shadow boxing. Grimly Bob Fitzsimmons pestered on. Finally, the press began to side with the challenger and public sided with the press. Still Gentleman Jim remained aloof.

Theater patrons began to cold-shoulder "The Great Diamond Robbery," in which Corbett had a part; the box office felt the pinch. Corbett's agents decided if he were to keep his stage career off the canvas, the champion would have to defend his heavyweight title. The boxer notified promoter Dan Stuart to make arrangements for the skirmish.

WHEN STUART announced that Dallas would be scene of the fight, he set off a political firecracker that shook the entire Southwest. Carpenters already were hammering on a stadium in which to stage the fight when Charles Culbertson, who had just won his campaign for governor of Texas on a reform platform, decided that prize fighting did not qualify as a reform plank. Calling a special session of the legislature for the sole purpose of passing a bill prohibiting prize fighting, the governor got quick action. On the second day, legislators okayed the bill kayoing prize fighting in the Lone Star State.

When he heard news about the passage of the anti-prize fighting measure, Fitzsimmons, in training at Corpus Christi, accused Gentleman Jim of sponsoring the bill to avoid meeting the challenge. Corbett entered the word bout, accusing Fitzsimmons of selecting Corpus Christi, a seaport, as training headquarters so if fight plans did not materialize, he could take to the sea without too much ado.

Now that Dallas was eliminated by the Culbertson law, Stuart fired carpenters and began to scout around for a likely site. He eyed Nuevo Laredo, just across the Rio Grande, but Mexican

Below left: Part of the Ranger force which was detailed for service at El Paso, Texas, to prevent the fight. Below right: Judge Roy Bean, promoter of the fight, from a portrait by Leach & Company, Llano, Texas. Frontier Pix

Kayoed Boxing

By DICK KING

self-styled "Law West of the Pecos." style when he set his fertile brain to work

President Diaz, out of respect for his neighbor north of the river, ruled the fight would not be held there. Again Stuart studied his map. Ardmore in Oklahoma Indian Territory seemed attractive, but the federal government squelched plans by hastily passing a law outlawing prize fighting in the territory.

Meantime, Judge Bean read of the planned fight with interest.

How about Arkansas? Stuart considered, and his learnings were strengthened by a wire from the Hot Springs mayor, inviting him to hold the fight there. Despite the governor's statement that prize fighting would not be permitted in Arkansas, plans continued for staging the match in Hot Springs. For while voicing his disapproval, the state's chief executive had declared that he would not call a special session even if promoters held the event on the capitol grounds. Stuart felt reassured.

Corbett went to San Antonio for training; Fitzsimmons continued to inhale salt air on the gulf. Each carried on verbal sparring, increasing public interest in the off-again, on-again meeting.

THE CHAMPION left his Texas camp for the fight, but as soon as he crossed the Arkansas line he was arrested and charged with conspiracy to "assault" Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons also had his trouble. When he crossed the state line at Texarkana, he, too, was charged with conspiracy to assault. Both were released and several days later met on the streets of the resort city. The public expected them to fight then and there because of the early and ferocious verbal threats. But each grimaced and glared, then moved peacefully from the scene.

Disgusted, Corbett announced his withdrawal from the ring but promised that Fitzsimmons would have no claim to the title or the heavyweight belt. Instead, he suggested that Peter Maher and Peter O'Donnell fight for the crown And to insure that Fitzsimmons could not claim a default, he remained in Hot Springs until after the scheduled date of the fight.

Without fanfare Maher and O'Donnell fought in Nevada, and Maher became owner of the heavyweight title. Announcing that he would meet all challengers, he expressed an eagerness for a return battle with Fitzsimmons, who had defeated him earlier. Public interest in boxing mounted, and promoter Stuart was ready to cash in on the renewal.

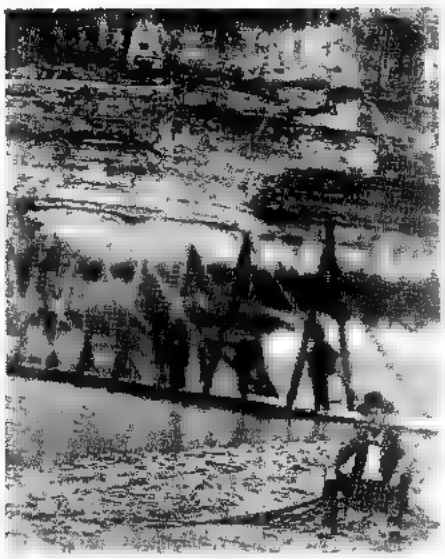
Businessmen of El Paso wired Stuart, offering him $6,000 to stage the title bout in that city. Recalling the Texas trouble of three years earlier, Stuart ruminated and consulted his map. El Paso he noted, was just across the river from Mexico and not too distant from New Mexico or Arizona.

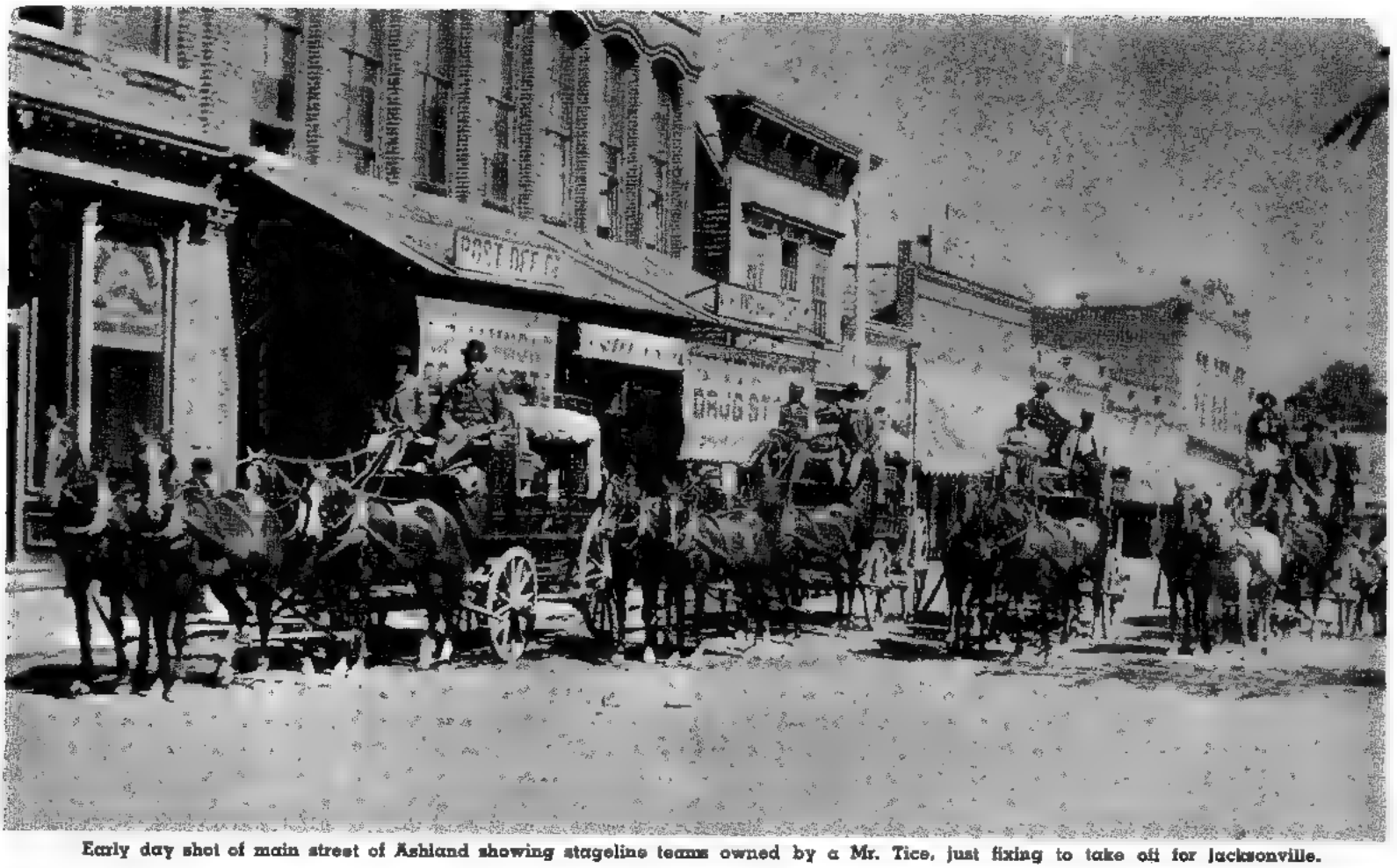
Why not? he asked. He decided he would keep the definite location of the fight a secret, then stage it where the coast was clear. He accepted El Paso's offer and circled Valentine's Day on the calendar.

(Continued on page 56)

Robert Roy ("Fighting Bob") Fitzimmons.

Below left: The bridge which led across the Rio Grande to the fight. Below right: The ring—located on an island in the Rio Grande River near Langtry, Texas. Both pictures made from old (faded) photographs. Frontier Pix





Early day shot of main street of Ashland showing stageline teams owned by a Mr. Tice, just fixing to take off for Jacksonville.

Olden times are being re-lived today in Jacksonville, Oregon. In the state's proud Centennial Year, her people are equally proud of their

Living Ghost Town

By VIRGINIA D. CARD

Photos Courtesy the Author

IN 1846, fifteen pioneers from the Willamette Valley came to the Rogue River Valley, seeking a route by which immigrants could reach the little town of Oregon City and the Willamette Valley without having to travel the long northern route across Blue Mountains and the Columbia River.

Jesse Applegate and brother Lindsay Applegate were among this group which made their way through the Rogue River Valley, constantly trailed by the savage Chesta Scoton Indians, or Shastas as they were later called. The branch of that tribe inhabiting this valley were named by Hudson's Bay trappers, who had attempted trapping here. Their traps were continually stolen by the Indians, whom the irate Frenchmen branded as "those river rogues," thus naming the tribe and valley with the single appellation. The first road through the valley was built by these fifteen rugged men, with axes in bare hands as sole equipment.

Lindsay and Jesse Applegate returned to the Rogue River Valley in 1848, prospected along the Applegate River (now so named for the two pioneers) but, finding nothing, they pushed on into California. Three years later, two men named Cluggage and Pool equipped a pack train at the small town of Yreka, California, and started for the Willamette Valley, following a narrow trail across the Siskiyous which had been opened by the Applegates. Travelers, on packing trips into the Willamette, stopped in the Rogue River Valley to rest their animals, for here the rich wild grass grew so high that a mule herder had to stand on the back of his horse in order to locate the herd.

Cluggage had worked at mining at various times in his life, and so one day

while they were camped in the valley, he went up into the hills where Jacksonville now stands. Following up a ravine, he came to a place where heavy rains had washed away the topsoil, leaving a ledge of rock exposed. With his knife, he dug around in this ledge and found nuggets of gold. Immediately the two men returned to Yreka for mining equipment. Inevitably, their purchases aroused suspicion, and within days of their return to the gold-bearing ledge that winter of 1851, the hills bloomed white with the tents of eager prospectors. The forest was cleared off and the town site of present-day Jacksonville honeycombed and burrowed with tunnels and drifts. Lumber was whip-sawed in the gulches and sold at exorbitant prices for the erection of shelters, for which there was no glass those first few hard winters.

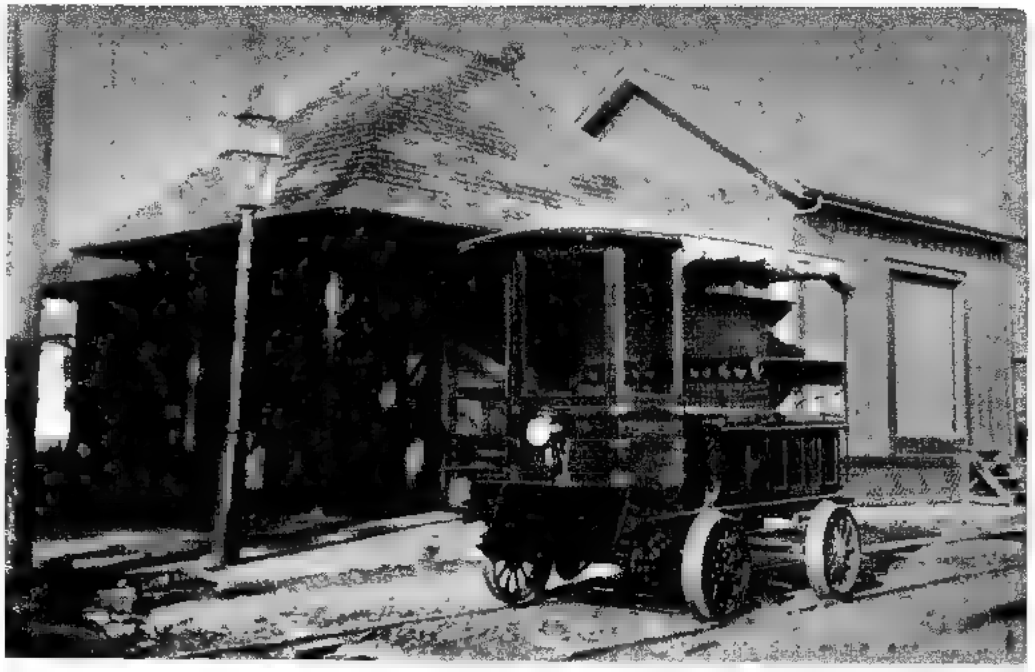
Ed Schieffelin had mined in Jacksonville for almost twenty years before he sought new fields, and, finding gold in Arizona's desert, established the town of Tombstone. Other miners, tiring of the cold winters and seeking warmer climes, went south to the Nevada fields, and nine years after the Jacksonville strike, Virginia City came into existence. Thus, this historic little town, which today lives very nearly as it was one hundred years ago, antedates many of the gold rush communities who have long since become deserted, and crumbled away to dust. It was not so in Jacksonville.

IF you have longed for a return of the "good old days," you may return to them in Jacksonville. Her people, inhabiting the same homes that went up a century ago, and doing business in the same business buildings of 1858, cling to the old days, and ideas, and traditions, and, in fact, they are only beginning to realize that they, and their town, stand out in our nation as unique.

From Medford, Oregon, a short four-mile drive takes you into Jacksonville on Fifth Street. Just after entering the town proper, and on the corner of D Street and Fifth, on the right, is the first Protestant church built west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1852, when the Methodist Board authorized the building of the church, the Rev. J. S. Smith, and wife, and Miss Emma Overbeck and Miss Emma Royal went about taking donations. The latter two young ladies went from camp to camp, soliciting funds from miners, and since times were flush, there were few financial difficulties. Gamblers, and sporting men, stating that they were "hedging" against bad fortune in the world to come, gave most generously, and the church was finished and dedicated January 1, 1854. The church serves as a meeting house to this day, and has been kept in constant good repair and is exactly as it was when dedicated.

In the next block and across the street is what once was the Jackson County Courthouse, now the Jacksonville Museum. This building, completed in 1884, the year which saw the beginning of later gold towns, now ghost towns, marked the end of an era in the Rogue River Valley. Gold claims, though still producing, did not afford the immense wealth desired by many soldiers of fortune who pushed on to other El Dorados.

Jacksonville, emerging as the metropolis of Oregon, was lifting on the tide of another boom. Enterprising farmers had long ago planted fruit trees, and



The electric car which was put on the run from Jacksonville to Medford after the line was bought by the Southern Oregon Traction Company. The terminal at the back is still there.

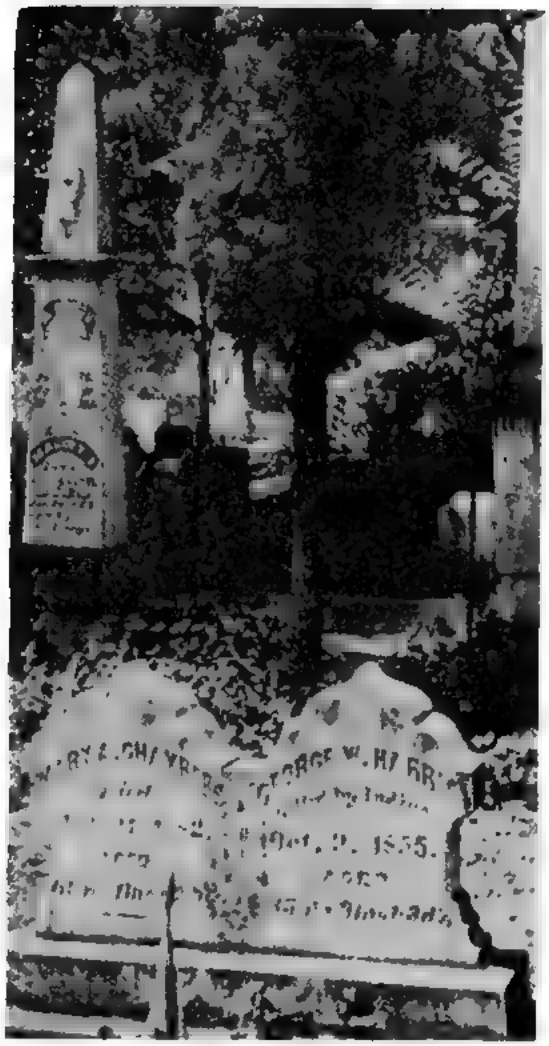
pears, peaches and apples had sold for as high as five dollars each to the fresh-produce-starved miners. Wagons, lined with straw, were dumped full of fruit and carried out over the Dollarhide toll road across the Siskiyous to newer mining camps in California and Nevada. Mining, continued on a more consistent basis, was supplemented by farming, and in this year, 1884, the great iron horse rode ribbons of steel through the valley, transporting minerals and produce

The last trial of importance held in the Jackson County Courthouse was that of the D'Autremont brothers for the dynamiting and robbery of a Southern Pacific mail and passenger train in the Siskiyous, in which four men were murdered. This trial, in 1926, was just previous to the move which set Medford as the new county seat. However, the proud old courthouse in Jacksonville remains as a memorial to the pioneers, housing now within its walls one of the most interesting and fascinating museums in the entire West.

DOWN Fifth Street another block the tourist enters upon California Street, which is now Main Street of the town. One block to the left stands the Presbyterian Church, with its lovely tall stained-glass windows imported from Italy. The reed organ of the church was shipped around the Horn and packed in to be placed in the building in time for dedication services held in October, 1857. Church services are still held here each Sunday.

On the site of the Presbyterian Church was held Jacksonville's first "People's Court." A gambler named Brown had shot a Mr. Potts, seemingly without provocation. One hour was required to select a jury, elect a judge, hold a trial and hang the prisoner. His remains still lie beneath the tree from which he was hanged.

This is the old train which operated between Medford and Jacksonville, a distance of five miles. Mr. Barnum, who owned and operated the line, is shown here.



Above left: The graves of Mary and George Harris in the historic old Jacksonville Cemetery. Below left: The first Protestant church to be built west of the Rocky Mountains. First dedicated in 1854, it is today being used by a Baptist congregation. Above: Jacksonville as it looked in 1856. From a photograph taken by Peter Britt, pioneer photographer, of a painting.

A casual drive down California Street, in a flash rig or "surrey with the fringe on top" in this Oregon Centennial Year of 1959, will bring before you many century-old buildings, none of which are crumbling to dust, nor hardly showing signs of their age.

The latest architectural style was arched windows and doors when the Masonic Temple was built in 1873 to replace an earlier building which housed the El Dorado, a leading gambling and drinking house. Members who attend lodge meetings in this building today are hardly aware that it is not still new.

C. C. Beekman, a young carpenter in 1853, entered the employ of Cram, Rogers and Company of Yreka and served as express messenger until that firm went out of business. He then took the line on his own, carrying out many millions of dollars worth of gold nuggets and dust from Jacksonville to Crescent City and Yreka. These perilous trips he made alone, crouching low on his pony and streaking through the Siskiyous at night to avoid Indian attack, praying that the speed of his pony would carry him beyond poisoned arrows or guns which the Indians were somehow obtaining. This service won for him the reputation of being the most courageous man of the area as well as probably the most honest. When Wells Fargo completed their overland connections with Portland, Oregon, in 1863, Mr. Beekman was tendered the agency at Jacksonville, which position he held in conjunction with his bank until his death.

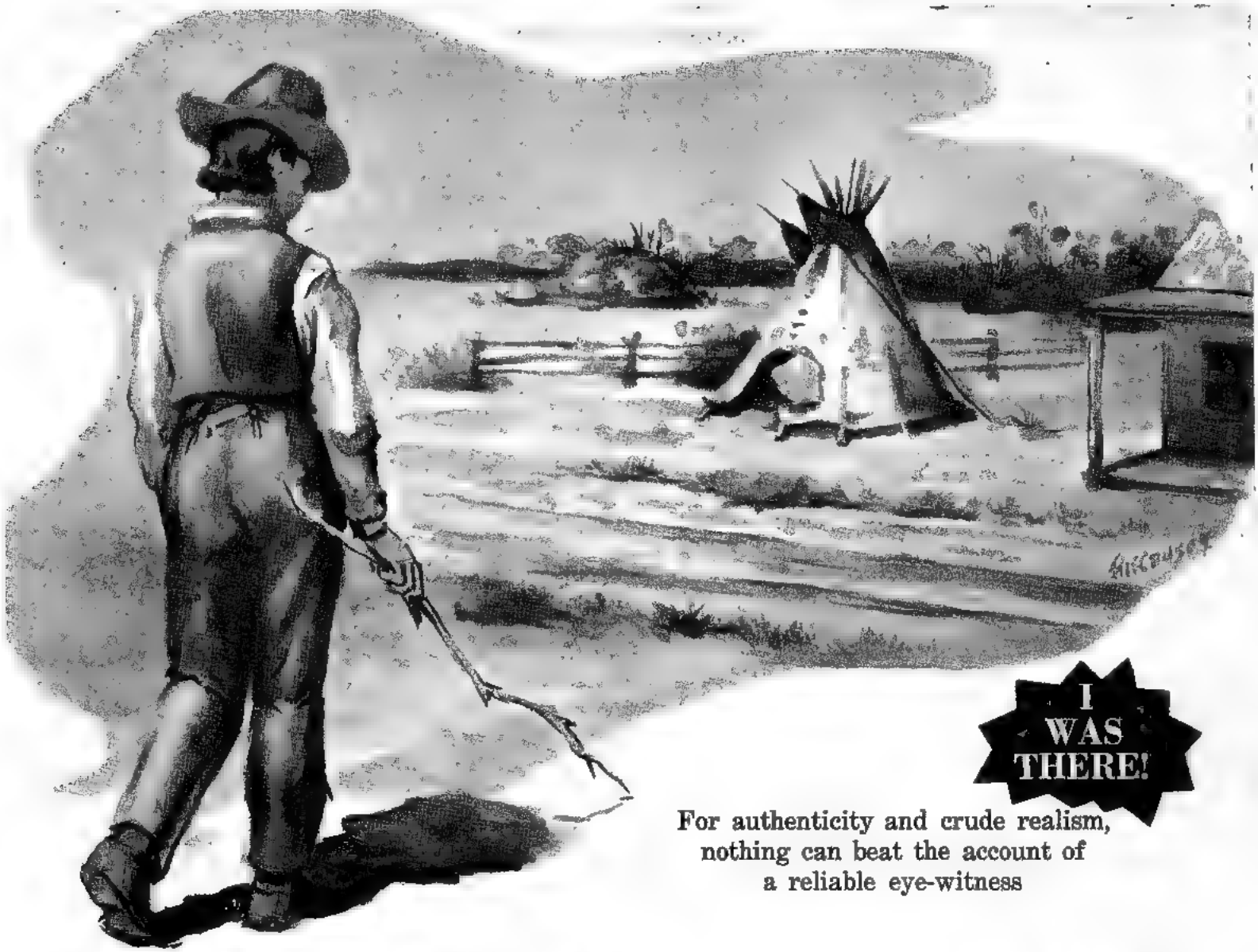
On the day of the death of C. C. Beekman, in 1915, the bank doors were closed and locked, and to this time the building sits there as if awaiting the morning when he should place key in lock, open the doors, and continue business as usual. Wells Fargo signs on the walls announce London and Paris bank drafts, and the bank announces "gold exchanged here for currency." On the counter sits the same gold scales whereon many millions of dollars in nuggets and dust passed from miner to banker to vault, there to be kept under a simple padlock until the next Wells Fargo Express should arrive.

THE Bruner Building, second oldest brick house in Oregon, was built in 1855 of bricks made at a kiln in the town and from local soil, thereby leading old-timers to brag to this day, that "even the bricks used in our buildings are made of gold." The building, housing Jacksonville's leading merchant, was also used as a fort during the long years of the Rogue River Indian Wars. Women and children were gathered there and the doors barred from within with orders to "go down with the building before you open the door." The windows were then shuttered with iron shutters, and at the rear was a courtyard with a very high brick wall inside which stood a well, thus making water available even during the longest lasting raids. The building now houses the Jacksonville library, and on the shelves may be found documents telling of the very raids which pitted the bricks and woodwork with Indian bullet holes.

The Flag House appears the same as it was when occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Ganung. That brave lady, on June 11, 1860, sallied forth from this building to cut down a Confederate flag which a Southern sympathizer had raised. Men of the town feared a shooting war if the flag were touched, and the street fell silent as the little lady emerged, walked to the flagpole and struck the colors. No shots were fired, nor was there a word mentioned in the town concerning the action.

The I.O.O.F. Hall, built in 1856, still serves as a meeting place for Jacksonville Lodge No. Ten, and beside it sits the Table Rock Billiard Saloon, another favorite spot for miners and gamblers since the 1850's.

(Continued on page 58)



I WAS THERE!

For authenticity and crude realism, nothing can beat the account of a reliable eye-witness

ROUGH, WILD and ROWDY!

By H. W. BAYLOR

Editor's Note:
With this article we are starting a regular feature to be called "I was there." These articles will be composed of material used years ago in the old Frontier Times, and—except in rare instances—have never appeared elsewhere in print. This particular story was published in the June, 1929, edition of Frontier Times

IN 1856 my father, John R. Baylor, was appointed agent for the Comanche Indians. At that time we were living in Fayette County, Texas, near Fayetteville. We started for the Agency, which was located on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River, near Camp Cooper, and went by Austin and Waco. Past Waco, on Bery's Creek, we woke up one morning to find that all twelve of our horses had been stolen during the night. Only one of the horses was ever found, in San Antonio about two years afterward.

In this emergency, my mother and some of us children went to the home of our cousin, Tucker Baylor, where we stopped for awhile. While we were staying with Cousin Tucker, my oldest brother Jack came in excitedly one day to tell me that he had found the grave of an Indian chief.

"I know there's lots of silver ornaments in the grave, and you can have half if you'll help me dig them out," he said. I never questioned how he knew about the ornaments, and eagerly agreed to help with the digging. We went to work with dull grubbing hoes.

The sun was hot and the ground was hard, so after a few hours I gave up the job. Jack looked at me in disgust and said, "All right. If you don't want any silver, I'll get it all." I didn't like that idea, so I went back to work harder than ever. After two days we had dug down four feet and still hadn't found any silver. Just as we decided to quit and let the chief keep his durned silver, along came Cousin Tucker. He looked at the two of us in the hole in the hot sun, whooped with laughter and informed us that we were digging in a hog wallow.

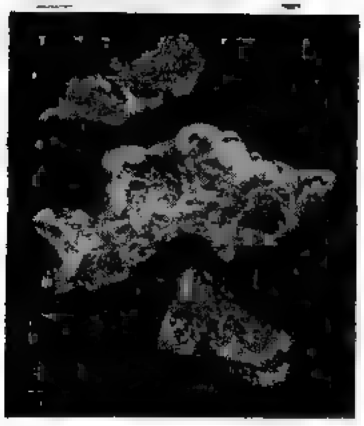
Soon after this misadventure, Father sent an ambulance for us and we left for the agency. On our arrival the place looked like a fairyland to me. There were hundreds of Indians decked out in gaudy blankets, beaded leggings and feathered caps. My father had bought a young boy of Spanish descent, named Tito Rivera, from an Indian chief for $120. He was used as an interpreter, as he spoke Comanche like a native warrior.

Tito's story was a pathetic one. The Indians had murdered his father and took him prisoner. He said he cried a lot, and when they were crossing the Rio Grande one of his captors knocked him from the horse he was riding into the river. He caught hold of a horse's tail and was hauled to the Texas shore. The Indians made much over him and called him "muy bravo!"

He was with them for over two years when he tried to escape and was shot

Illustrated by B. J. McCausey

(Continued on page 38)



Nuggets

Varied bits of lore from the rich lode of Western history

"MIGHTY LIKE A COFFIN!"

By JOSEPH MARTIN DAWSON

I HEARD the almost incredible story first from Alva Taylor, a dependable historian of Corsicana, Texas, who specializes in ghost towns and forgotten colorful personalities. Taylor's Navarro County is rich in this kind of lore, but no incident created more sustained amusement among the citizens of one community than the yarn of old Jim McIntyre and his coffin, a curious tale belonging to the village of Pansy, which disappeared many years ago.

"McIntyre," related Taylor, "was one of those indomitable family men who came out from Tennessee to settle in the new lands of Texas. Nearly everybody in Pansy or thereabouts was from Giles County, Pulaski Post office, in Tennessee. Neither Sam Houston nor Davy Crockett himself excelled this tough, stubborn farmer in certain character traits bequeathed by Tennesseeans to Texas. Jim McIntyre was a rugged man."

In 1895 McIntyre was nearly seventy years old, his gaunt frame reminiscent of the hard years through which he had lived. Although the Richland Creek valley lands were fertile and he had toiled valiantly, successive years of drouth and the persisting low price of cotton kept him, his wife and three sons mired in the lowly tenant class. Alongside the rented acres ran a lane named Cowhead Road, so-called from the skulls of cattle that lined it, heads of cattle that starved there in the dry years when not a wisp of grass withstood the dry, hot winds. Sometimes Jim would gaze at the road and wonder grimly if he and his family might one day suffer the same fate as those doomed cattle of an earlier period. Then he'd shake his head at such "womanish" thoughts and go back to work.

At the time of this story, however, the season was different. Torrential rains had come in the late fall and had persisted far into November. Near the McIntyre place stood a general store, five miles from Pansy, known as Slap Out, because customers usually announced to the storekeeper that they were "slap out" of everything. It rained so long that even the store got slap out of everything, and the Cowhead Road to Corsicana, sixteen miles away, became so boggy that the wholesaler in the county seat refused to deliver. Over at Pansy, groceries were likewise low.

Just at this critical time an epidemic of influenza swept the community, and old Jim McIntyre came down with the dread sickness. The Pansy doctor rode over in answer to summons. He examined Jim poker-faced, slapped him on the shoulder and declared he'd make out fine. Outside the sickroom he told the family that the old man could not possibly hold out more than a day or two. His own saddlebags were empty of medicines and the McIntyre home was destitute of food. Needed supplies were not to be secured outside Corsicana.

What could be done? Nothing much, to be sure, yet the gesture must be made. After family conference that night, it was decided that two of the McIntyre sons would hitch up their four mules to the wagon, start out at daybreak and try to reach town. If the father should die without a crust of bread or a dose of medicine in the house, it would be a grief not to be endured.

The boys reached Corsicana about noon. Men and beasts had struggled through mud to near exhaustion. Rain still poured.

Charlie confided his glum feelings to his brother.

"Bill, we know Pa is going to die. Doc Woods has done told us he cain't last more'n a day longer. That means we've got to turn right around and try to pull through this awful mud again for the coffin. Why don't we tend to that while we're here?"

"Plumb sensible," agreed Bill. "Let's do that."

They negotiated for a pine board box and stowed it in the wagon, reverently draping a tarpaulin over it.

On the way back they suffered grave misgivings—where would they keep the coffin at home until Pa passed on? Not out in the wagon in the cruel rain where Ma might discover it, not where some chance caller might sight it and ask embarrassing questions. They mulled over the problem for miles and finally decided that they would hide the coffin in the barn.

It was almost dark when the panting teams dragged the mud-bespattered wagon to the side of the little shack they called home. According to plan, they whipped up the mules toward the small barn, a few yards beyond the regular stopping spot.

Their sick father, disturbed by the sound of this unusual maneuver, roused up with surprising strength and looked out the window. To the amazement and chagrin of his sons he called loudly:

"Hi, what you got there all covered up in that wagon? Shaped mighty like a coffin, looks to me. What is it? Answer me!"

Charlie and Bill stammered some ridiculous answer, but the old gentleman refused to be put off with nonsense. He called again, in still stronger tones:

"You boys cain't fool me! You brung that thing out here to bury me in. Now hear me once and for good—you ain't going to do it!"

Stupefied, the sons stood there speechless. Their father went on:

"Well, boys, go right ahead like you plotted—just put that contraption in the corncrib. It'll make a good trough for the stock. I'll git up in a week or so, and we'll feed the mules in it. Now both of you rascals—GIT!"

Jim McIntyre made good his will to live, converted the coffin as he promised, putting legs under it for a stock trough, and that year raised a bumper crop of cotton.

DON ESPANOL AND THE FOUR SKELETONS

By J. FRANK DOBIE

STORIES of Spanish workings somewhere in the region of the main forks of the Brazos River in Texas are very old. It has never been settled whether the Spaniards were working copper or gold; they may not have worked anything. The legendary site shifts around, but is placed in Haskell County oftener than elsewhere else. A chronicler of half a century ago recorded that in 1868 forty-two men set out from Parker County to prospect up the Brazos. They "surveyed several valleys of virgin land and built many air castles." Recently, Mrs. Ivy La Madrid, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who used to live on the upper Brazos, wrote me a new version of the story:

Long ago, a descendant of one of the first settlers on the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos found in his pastures what he and others took to be the remains of a blast furnace, also a clay crucible containing traces of gold. While this discovery was fresh in mind, an old Spaniard who spoke correct English showed up. This venerable gentleman had his own camp outfit, wore fine clothes and a heavy gold watch, and was obviously an aristocrat accustomed to having his own way. Nevertheless, he had to get permission to go over privately owned land, and this necessity brought on an agreement between him

and several other men—none of them noted for energy or prosperity.

According to "Don Espanol," as they called him, his ancestors had smelted a lot of gold ore into bullion and were working a very rich mine when an Indian attack wiped out all of them but one man. He escaped and made a map of the location of the treasure. Of course Don Espanol had this map. He said that no American could understand it. He consulted it frequently and directed the digging.

Following his directions, the diggers exposed four skeletons laid head to feet in the form of a quadrangle. One skeleton pointed east, one west, one north and one south. Not far east of the "east" head, they uncovered a stone about two feet square that had been hollowed out to make a box. It was covered with a stone slab and was full of white river sand—nothing else.

Some of the diggers took the river sand as a hint to pan for gold in the river, but they agreed to go on digging according to Don Espanol's directions. They cleared away rocks and dirt at a spot downhill from the skeletons. Here they uncovered three stone steps.

"There are other steps at another place," Don Espanol told them. "In three more days you should have the mine open. It was never worked out. It is rich. I want no part of it, if you will agree to let me have the bullion."

"No," the men objected. "Our understanding in the beginning was that each of us is to have an equal share of whatever is found. That goes for bullion as well as for mine."

"You are an old man," added the leader of the diggers. "If there is as much bullion as you claim, you could never spend half of it. Why be so greedy? What do you want with it all?"

Don Espanol replied haughtily, "It is not greedy for a man to claim what belongs to him. You see me here old and alone, but in Spain poor kinsfolk wait for me. They denied themselves to make up enough money to send me to Texas for their inheritance. My family were *hidalgos*, ruined generations ago by greedy politicians. The mine is worth more than the bullion, but I can't take it home to Spain. I *can* take the gold."

There was more heated talk. In the end, the bull-headed diggers swore that if any gold was dug up they'd take their share of it.

"That will never be," said Don Espanol coldly. "You have the power, but I have the knowledge. Without me, you will never find the gold. I am not strong enough to kill *you*, and you'd still not find the bullion if you killed *me*. So, my greedy ones, I am going."

He left, in an icy rage. After taking a few steps, he paused, took the big gold watch from his pocket and dashed it furiously against a rock, utterly ruining it as a timepiece but only denting the heavy case. He cast it on the ground, walked on a distance, and then turned and shouted back his last words.

"Pigs, you can look for the bullion and the mine until your eyes go blind and your arms wither, but you will never find it!"

One of the men picked up the ruined gold watch and kept it for years. Finally it disappeared, perhaps lost, perhaps stolen. The stone box was too heavy to carry away conveniently, but in time it too was lost sight of. After Don Espanol left, the diggers quit digging but for years every once in a while some of them would potter around looking for signs. Certain markings on rocks were discovered. Some people said they were made by nature, but the discoverers declared that they were man-made and that their fatal mistake was made in letting Don Espanol get away with the map. It could, they argued, have been seized without killing him. No doubt it called for the very markings located. One mark was of a mule shoe, which looks exactly like a U. That might mean something—or it might mean nothing. One thing is sure; to date, Don Espanol's angry prophecy has proved out.

THEY WERE CAPTURED

By BESSIE B. JONES

FIFTY years have passed since I witnessed a scene of violence in our small Midwest town—the killing of one and the capture of the other of the Midwest's two most wanted bad men.

It happened this way. My sister Belva and I, girls in our early teens, were quarreling mildly in our big kitchen over which should wash the breakfast dishes. Just then our father rushed around the corner of the house and into the kitchen. We knew at once that something was wrong, since ordinarily he never hurried. He snatched his rifle off the hook and hurried out, muttering something about shooting a deer. This odd remark was followed by a stern order for us to remain in the house. Instead, we ran after him.

Out through the open gate we dashed and down the dusty path, through the church yard and toward the general store and post office which evidently was Dad's destination. We knew that he had gone there, as was his custom daily, previous to his sudden return home.

Vividly I can remember the scene. Dad had his rifle held at the queer angle he said he'd learned during his years in the Army in the Civil War. We made a curious trio; Dad in front with his gun, my sister, slender and graceful, with a long braid of black hair flying out behind as she ran, and I, short and fat, puffing along awkwardly with my red curls bouncing.

We rounded the corner of the old store just in time to see two horsemen riding horseback, with halters for bridles, as they ran the horses down the dusty street. At the same instant a voice from the doorway of the store shouted "Halt!" The riders didn't stop. A fusillade of shots rang out and bullets whined past us.

The two criminals, Chadburn and Maddigan, fell from their horses. One had been wounded, the other killed. An old lady in an outhouse which was in direct line of fire, received a flesh wound in her hip when a bullet penetrated a board in the building. She came out on the run, shaking her fist and telling the shooters she'd have the law on them. "Land sakes, a body could get killed in her own privy!" she shrieked

The postmaster was the only other casualty, and his wound was not serious.

LATER we learned that the two outlaws had robbed a Santa Fe train and killed a railroad detective who was trying to capture them. They then escaped to a little town ten miles west of us, where they stole two horses and started our way. On reaching our village, they had entered the hardware store, held up the proprietor and taken a supply of ammunition.

Our one lone telephone line between the two towns had been the means by which the men of our village had been warned of the approaching outlaws in time to bring them down.

We felt sorry for the outlaws' poor horses. Spouting blood from many bullet wounds, they were led out back of the building and there mercifully put to death.

(Continued on page 60)

This classic desert photograph was taken sometime in the early 1900's in Southern Nevada during the time of the Rhyolite and Bullfrog mining excitements. The photographer is unknown. Entitled "What Became Of The Driver?" it was for years a best seller among Western postcards. That the driver was a tenderfoot to thus brave heat and thirst in a vehicle not designed for such grim byways is obvious, and perhaps his bleached bones still lie somewhere in the shadow of the Amargosas. We are indebted to The Territorial Enterprise for this picture.

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Airy Mount, ranch home of General and Mrs. Johnson at Burnet, Texas.

Blind Builder

(Continued from page 19)

Above "The Blind Man's Town," covering some 640 acres of ground, Granite Mountain reared its beautifully colored crest. Why not red granite for the building of the new State House? With his son Robert at his side, the general presented his idea to the legislature. A fine idea, the lawmakers agreed, but how about transporting the stone? There was no railroad to haul the stone to Austin.

The general had a solution for *that* problem, too. "Gentlemen," he smiled, "to promote a railroad to Marble Falls, I will give seven miles of right of way through my holdings at Burnet. I am sure that others along the way will do the same."

They did.

The magnificent capitol building of the State of Texas at Austin is of red granite from Marble Falls. The owners of Granite Mountain, N. P. Norton, Dr. W. H. Westfall, and W. S. Lacey, all Confederate veterans, donated the granite for the Capitol and the state gave three million acres of land for its erection. This land later became the great XIT Ranch.

So, with the passing of the years, Adam Johnson's youthful dream was fulfilled. Truly, it exemplified the code he lived and worked by, that "a man's achievements are limited only by his vision, courage and determination—not by any physical handicap he may incur."

General Adam Rankin Johnson died in 1922 at the age of eighty-nine, after having the rare experience of having his own obituary read to him fifty-eight years before death claimed him. This premature obituary had been published in Southern newspapers in 1864 when he was wounded and believed to have died on the battlefield at Grubbs Cross Roads in Kentucky.

The general's body lay in state in the senate chamber at Austin, and Governor Pat M. Neff read the burial service prior to his interment in the state cemetery where he sleeps with Texas' other illustrious dead.

Incident on the Musselshell

(Continued from page 15)

watching him anxiously. To them a demented person was sacred. The Great Spirit, according to Sioux legend, entered a crazy person, thereby making that person sacred.

Landusky whipped the breechclout off the fallen warrior, who was struggling to his feet. With the breechclout, he whipped the Sioux across the head and shoulders. This was the greatest insult a man could deal to a Sioux.

He had, figuratively, taken off the man's pants, and had whipped him with his own trousers!

"Loco!" a Sioux said wildly. "Get away from him!"

Wirt immediately fell into line. "My partner, he is crazy," he told the chief. "You didn't know that?"

The chief hesitated, staring at Landusky. Then he, too, backed away. Hurriedly, they pulled the cartridges out of their pockets and belongings and laid them on the ground. Then they turned and ran away, heading for their horses picketed up the river. Landusky raged after them, playing his role. Soon they were thundering away into the dusk.

Landusky returned to the fire. Wirt was laughing now, doubled in the furs the Sioux had left.

"Your temper saved our necks," Wirt said.

THREE days later the same band of Sioux rode up on them at the point where the Musselshell River joins the Missouri.

They had been on a raid against the Crows and run into a Crow camp and stolen all their horses. The chief made the peace sign.

"You want horse?" he asked Landusky.

Pike eyed him suspiciously. "What the hell do you mean?" he growled. "You want to give *me* a horse?"

"The Great Spirit is in you," replied the chief. "Maybeso you his son. We give you some horses."

The chief waved his hand. Braves started cutting the herd, presenting Landusky with sixteen head, the best of the stolen herd.

Then the band rode off, their tribute paid. Landusky looked at Wirt in amazement.

"Well, pardner, for once the terrible Landusky temper has paid off!" grinned Wirt.

Anderson Street, Broo
street, was named after
brothers killed by B
Bohan's hotel stood wi
trees are lined up. The
cery was located beside
ing where the cars are

Even as today, every
frontier hated to pay
Yet taxes sometime
a man an unexpected
as when

Taxes Saved Barne Neck

By WILLIAM E.

BACK in 1874, when Salina and Saline County, Kansas, residents were struggling to build themselves a life on the frontier, they had one thing in common with the harried residents of today—taxes. And they didn't like paying taxes any more than the folks of today.

But there was an Irishman in Brookville, one Barney Bohan, who owed four additional years of his life to taxes. For it was fear of taxes to build a new jailhouse that prevented a lynch-minded mob from burning down the county jail and stringing ol' Barney from a cottonwood tree.

On television and in the movies today, we often see fearless lawmen standing alone against an angry lynch mob, protecting their prisoner. 'Twas not always the case on the rough and practical frontier. For only the thought of the expense of building a new jail deterred such a mob from firing the building and hanging Barney Bohan higher than Haman. The fearless sheriff? Man, he was no fool—he hid himself in a closet while the mob decided to let justice take its proper course for economical reasons!

The whole ruckus started over a "buggy" barrel of flour. Came about this way:

BARNEY BOHAN was proprietor of the Brookville Hotel and the Lone Star Saloon. (Brookville, a wild little cowtown, was located between wide open Abilene and rip-roaring Ellsworth.)

Barney's clientele was composed of the usual rough and rugged railroaders, Texas cowboys and cattlemen, freighters and buffalo hunters. Tough and boisterous as they were, the sturdy Irishman was tougher. He kept a railroad brake-iron handy and if any patron of his saloon got out of line, Barney creased his skull with the brake-iron and order was restored mighty fast.

Tom and Bill Anderson ran Brookville's leading grocery store and Barney bought supplies there. Hot-headed Barney blew his top one day when he discovered bugs in a barrel of flour he had bought from the Anderson brothers. He made a beeline for the store and demanded how come in a voice that could

(Continued on following page)

The Brookville hotel as it
Established in 1870 and
block west of where Barne
it is still host of many mo
important national figures

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have been heard clean down the street.

The Andersons tried to reason with him. "All flour has got bugs in it, Barney. You just gotta sift 'em out."

"The hell I have!" roared Bohan, shaking a thick forefinger under Tom Anderson's nose. "I ain't gonna serve bread made from buggy flour to *my* customers! You fellers have gotta make it good."

Tom had a temper of his own, and when Barney's finger got close enough he bit it. That did it—the fight was on. It was a beautiful brawl, but Barney was outnumbered by the two husky Andersons and soon found himself thrown out into the dusty Brookville street. He picked himself up with as much dignity as he could muster, hurled a few choice epithets at the grinning Andersons and stalked away, announcing he'd buy his supplies elsewhere in the future.

Barney's rage quickly cooled and the incident seemed to have passed over until the Andersons injected a new element into the affair by refusing to eat at Bohan's restaurant. To make matters worse, they wouldn't drink his liquor either.

Deeply hurt, Barney asked a railroad man named McCormick to get his friends back. "Why the hell should they have hard feelin's over a bit of a fight?" he moaned.

McCormick, acting as go-between, brought the Andersons over to the saloon to work out a reconciliation. Bohan greeted them cordially, served them drinks, and the evening passed in an atmosphere of peaceful harmony. Then a poker game started and the Andersons sat in. At three o'clock in the morning the game exploded in an argument.

Bohan grabbed his brake-iron from behind the bar and came running over. Tom Anderson rose warily from his seat, but Barney instantly laid him out with a rap on the skull. Before Bill Anderson could get into action, several citizens jumped on the rampant Irishman and took away his weapon. They dragged Barney out, cursing at every step, and locked him up in a barber shop adjoining the saloon. Tom quickly regained consciousness and joined the rest of the boys in sampling Bohan's prize liquor stock. The party soon got real lively.

The sounds of revelry reached Barney in the barber shop and did nothing to soothe his anger. He ripped open a window, climbed out and ran home to get his pistol. Returning to the saloon, he broke up the party by shooting both Andersons dead.

BOHAN was arrested and taken to Salina, the county seat. The editor of the Brookville *Independent*, who had lost two good advertisers with the untimely passing of the Andersons, had these sad words to say in his paper:

"We saw the Anderson brothers on Monday evening (November 2), full of life and jovial, but, alas!, a few short moments and they both lie before us pallid in death.

"We would not desire to cast the mantle of charity over the causes that led to this heart-rending occurrence, yet we fear that there can be no just excuse rendered for the untimely death of these two highly respected men of our city."

Brookville residents thought likewise. Incensed by Bohan's crime, they formed a mob and left for Salina with the announced idea of hanging Barney from some convenient cottonwood.

In today's modern TV and movie Westerns, the dauntless sheriff would step out in front of the jail, double-barreled shotgun leveled, and say, "Men, if you get my prisoner, you'll have to kill me first. But remember this—I'll take some of you with me!"

Nothing as heroic as that happened here. The sheriff hid Bohan in the jail attic. Then he hid himself in a closet, after instructing his deputies to let the mob ransack the jail. The boys quickly found the cowering lawman, but failed to locate Barney.

"I t-took the p-prisoner to Abilene," the sheriff stuttered.

"We don't believe you," the mob leader shot back. "You'd better tell us where he *is*—and damn soon!"

The sheriff wilted. "He's hidin' in the attic. He's got *his* brake-bar with him and swears he'll bash the first head that pops through the trapdoor."

Brookville residents were quite familiar with Barney's lethal weapon and wanted no part of it. Someone suggested burning down the jail to flush the fugitive. The boys moved out into the street to discuss the idea.

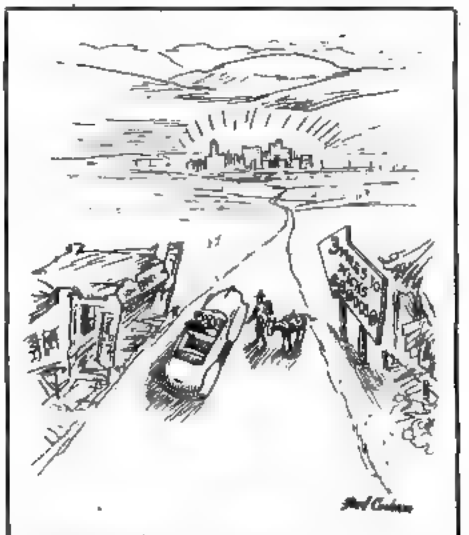
An argument developed. It was agreed that the jail would make a fine fire and that the blaze and subsequent lynching of the hidden murderer would furnish some real excitement. But—and this was the sticker—the jail was new and every one of them was a tax payer. As one practical member of the mob put it, "Hell, boys, if we burn this jail down we'll just have to dig up the tax money to build a new one. Lynchin' Barney just ain't worth it."

The boys voted his point well taken, decided to let the law take its course, broke up quietly and went home.

Bohan was found guilty of murdering Tom Anderson in the next session of district court in Salina. On appeal, the supreme court remanded the verdict because the dying testimony of Bill Anderson had been admitted as evidence.

So Barney was tried for the murder of Bill Anderson, found guilty a second time and sent to the penitentiary for life. After serving four years, Barney went insane in one of his wild fits of rage.

"Verily, bad temper destroyeth a man," as the old frontier preachers used to expound.



"Out here they're either uninhabited or uninhibited!"

Old-fashioned by modern literary standards, unself-consciously sentimental, were the authors of long ago. But the simplicity and sincerity of the writers shine through the sometimes hackneyed prose. This example is taken from the July, 1929, issue of Frontier Times

Battle For Life!

By JOHN C. JACOBS

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

IN 1873, Fort Griffin, Shackleford County, Texas, was an occupied Government post that stood at the very outside line of a thinly settled frontier country. West from Fort Griffin, the nearest settlement was 200 miles away —Fort Sumner, on the Pecos River of New Mexico.

Aside from a few pioneers, the only inhabitants of this vast, wild country were great herds of buffalo, wild horses, antelope, lobo wolves, and Comanche and Kiowa Indians. The only amusement us frontier boys and girls had was a dance at Fort Griffin about every three months. It took all the girls in three counties to get up one of our dances. The boys would go out with three or four-horse wagons, armed to the teeth against possible Indian attack, and it was a hard day's drive to round these girls in. What a time we did have! My friend, Henry Dillard, the subject of this article, lived with a ten-year-old brother forty miles north of Fort Griffin at old Fort Belknap. He attended our dances at Fort Griffin.

Driving back home from a dance one morning, Henry got sleepy and handed the lines to his little brother while he took a snooze. While dreaming of the lovely time of the night before, he was rudely awakened by a Comanche yell. On coming to himself, he saw seven warriors formed in V shape riding toward him. He grabbed his old Spencer rifle, jumped out of the wagon and shot the leader's horse from under him.

There was a post oak woods about 300 yards distant. All frontiersmen know that the Plains Indians will not follow an enemy into the woods, so Henry realized that the only chance of survival for himself and his little brother was to get into the woods. It was a long chance, but the *only* chance they had. It is a strange fact that on such occasions, a wonderful force comes to us with supernatural power—a force that steadies our nerves and banishes fear.

So Henry, with his little brother ahead, and this pack of savages at his heels, fought his way toward the woods He would run thirty to forty steps, then turn and fight and check them, then heel it again. The Indians were all mounted.

While running, Henry stumbled and fell and his little brother thought him killed. The Indian leader also thought Henry killed and had just raised in his stirrups to dismount and scalp his victim, when Henry sent a bullet through him. Three of the braves stayed with their chief, giving him first aid, and this made the desperate running fight easier. Henry battled on and at last made the woods safely with his brother.

I looked the ground over later and I know these blood-thirsty savages. Certainly there was no natural chance for this boy and his small brother to come through such an ordeal without a scratch. I am not a religious person, but I want to say to those of you who are, that you have all the best of the argument on such an occasion as this.

WELL, we organized a party and took two Tonkawa Indian trailers with us. It was late in the day when we took the trail, and night stopped the trailers. After two days' hard riding we had to give up the chase. On arriving at the place where Henry shot the Indian down, we found that his mates had stripped his blanket off and, in the excitement, had left it there. There were eight bullet holes in it, all from one shot.

(Continued on following page)

On coming to, Henry saw seven warriors riding toward him.

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Double a blanket down the middle, then double it again over a rope and it's four-fold; then tie that blanket around you with the rope inside, and it's four-fold on each side. So Henry shot that Indian through and through, making four bullet holes going in and four going out on the other side.

I had the satisfaction of using that blanket nights on the trail. The wounded Indian probably died the second day, as we found bloody rags that had been used on the first day's trail but no signs of blood after that.

The Indians took Henry's pair of mules away with them. A year later, General McKenzie, in a campaign against Comanches and Kiowas on Catfish Creek in Blanco Canyon, captured a lot of horses from the Indians which were brought into Fort Griffin. One of Henry's mules was in the bunch and was delivered to him.

THERE were many hardships that settlers of a frontier country had to face, with all kinds of privations and hard knocks, but there is something about the life that one loves. One meets the truest souls there that can be found on this troubled globe of ours. A frontiersman that took a note for a loan to help out a friend would be run out of the country. His word was considered the very best security he could give. If I knew of a country like the frontier of Texas in 1870, I would roll my blankets, light a shuck, and hit the trail for that dear shore.

General John Baylor, the author's father.

Rough, Wild and Rowdy!

(Continued from page 31)

through the legs and crippled for months. The Indians had many Mexican captives who were used as slaves. If they tried to escape and were caught, they were killed.

FATHER, as agent, was furnished with a house and a small field. The Comanche chief also had a house, but he and his squaw lived outside, saying it made them sick to live in a house. The Indians had some fine horses, which I think had been stolen from the settlers. They were very fond of horse racing and frequently raced with the officers and soldiers. There had to be daylight between the horses or the race was called a tie and had to be run over.

My mother was very much afraid of the Indians and lived in constant dread of an outbreak. The Comanches had no respect for a white man's house; they would walk in and go all over the place looking at everything and pick up anything they fancied. One day a buck came into our house and got a shawl. Mother grabbed a rifle from behind the door and accidentally discharged it. The Indian fled—and I don't know who was more frightened, he or Mother. Later, Mother was told by an old Indian squaw to keep an owl's wing over the door if she wanted to keep the Indians out of the house. This worked fine. No Indian would walk under an owl's wing; to them it symbolized all the evil spirits that roamed the plains at night. One room in the house was used as a council chamber, and when there was a pow-wow with the Indians to be held there, the owl wing was taken down.

The Comanches were put on this reservation after a treaty had been made with them. One of the clauses in the treaty provided that each side should give up their captives. Colonel John H. Moore, of Fayette County, had captured an Indian boy, seven or eight years old, and Father took him to a reservation. He was called Sam Houston, and had been given some schooling and treated as a member of Colonel Moore's family. When brought to the reservation he was about eighteen years old, a good rider and a good shot. When he left Colonel Moore he said that he would come back, as he was sure he didn't want to be an Indian. On his arrival at the agency, he went to the Indian village. He returned to the agency dressed in full Indian garb, with his face painted. Father asked him if he was going with his people, and he replied, "Yes, I have learned that my father, who was killed when I was captured, was a chief I am to succeed him when I can prove that I am a warrior. I have no place with the white man, not being white and not being Negro."

Father tried to get him to change his mind, but he had received a taste of the wild life and went back to his tribe. About a year later he was killed near Fort Clark, after he and his band had murdered some white people and Mexicans. In the fight in which Sam was killed the soldiers captured an Indian and a Mexican who had been raised by the Indians. The Mexican had blue eyes. They were held under guard by the soldiers and were brought to the council chamber. The chiefs came to talk the matter over and see what was going to be done with the prisoners. Father told the chiefs that they would be hanged. This angered the chiefs and they replied, "You can hang the Mexican, but if you try to hang the Indian you will have to fight the whole Comanche nation." I don't remember what happened to the two captives, but some satisfactory solution must have been worked out since there was no Indian war over the matter.

THE Comanches were restless and were continually slipping away from the agency and stealing horses and murdering the settlers. On one such raid the Indians captured a runaway Negro and brought him to the chief's house. At night they signed to him to cross his hands so they could tie him. The Negro

thought he was about to be tortured and put up a stiff fight.

Next morning Father was notified to come to the chief's house, and I went also. We found the Negro lying on the floor, wrapped from head to foot with lariats, and his face was painted in a very artistic manner. "What are you doing in such shape?" Father asked him. He looked up at Father and groaned, "Mastah, if you'll git me away from heah, I'll tell you!"

The Comanches called him "mucho hombre," saying he had knocked out five or six braves before they could hog-tie him and paint his face. His name was Albert, and I thought he was quite a hero. We took him to our house, and it was six months before we found out who his owner was. He said he had run away and was trying to get to Mexico when captured by the Comanches. He was from a plantation on old Caney, and when sent back to his owner, Father made the request that the owner not punish him.

I became very fond of the Indian boys and often went fishing and swimming with them. They killed fish with arrows and were experts with the bow. Once a week beeves were killed to feed the Indians. I have seen squaws take the raw paunch, cut it in strips, give it a shake or two and eat it as a dog would. The women did all the work or forced prisoners to do it. The principal work was dressing buffalo hides. These were stretched on the ground and the women used wooden hoes, made from the fork of a limb of a tree, with the hoe sharpened and fine notches cut on the edge. After considerable dressing, the hide would get white and soft. When finished, the hides were painted on the flesh side with Indian figures and designs.

Comanche arrows were made from dogwood. Their shields were made of bull-hide, taken from the neck of the male buffalo. These shields were about three feet in diameter, and when finished were turned over to the medicine man for the secret arrow and bullet-proofing ceremony. The average shield was proof against lance or arrow, but a bullet was a different matter.

Father told a medicine man that he could shoot a hole through any shield at fifty yards. Old Chief Buffalo Hump promptly bet Father a horse he couldn't do it. Accordingly, a shield was brought to our house and many Indians came along to witness the trial. The shield was hung up and Father promply shot a hole through it. The Indians were greatly disappointed at the medicine man's failure to make it bullet-proof, but he quickly explained that he had not used his strongest medicine. Father gave Buffalo Hump back his horse, and told the medicine man that he knew he had a stronger medicine, and so would not bet again. He said he did not wish to destroy the faith the Indians had in the medicine man.

The head chief got sick, and the medicine man said he would die unless a certain stone was brought to the agency so the chief could use it. Father sent a wagon and team, with an escort of Indians, to show the way. They were gone about a week and brought back a meteorite weighing about 300 pounds. It looked like iron ore, was very smooth, and oblong in shape.

The stone was unloaded and the chief sat by it, rubbing its smooth surface with his hands and then rubbing himself. This went on for several days, and

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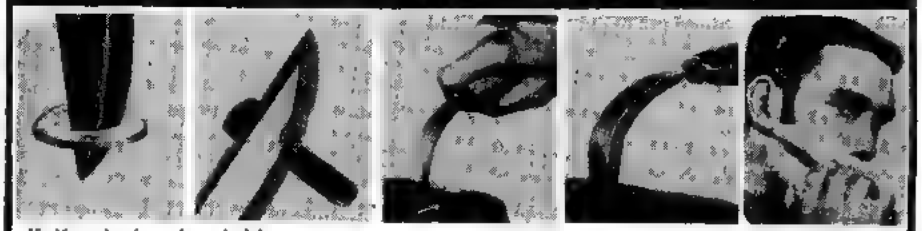

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he was completely cured, I suppose his faith made him whole. This stone was at the agency when I left, and I was told afterward that it was sent to the Smithsonian Institution in Washingon. It was said to have been used by the Indians from time immemorial, and claimed by them to have been thrown from above by the Great Spirit.

WE could always tell when some of the warriors had been killed. At sunrise, on the hills west of the agency, we could hear the women wailing. The eerie sound seemed to go on forever, but actually it only lasted three or four days. The men would cut off half their hair when some of their relatives died. The women had a much more drastic method of mourning. They would build a fire and march around it, singing a doleful song and scarifying their legs and breasts with sharp butcher knives. On one occasion some of us boys were watching four squaws go through this weird performance, when one of the squaws cut a vein and the blood spurted.

One of us laughed, and that squaw grabbed a firebrand in one hand and a knife in the other and made for us. We took out mighty fast and there was a lively race before we outran her. We were cautioned by Tito never to go near the squaws when they were performing this ceremony, as they would kill anyone who made fun of their actions. He sure wasn't just fooling!

Once I saw the Indians kill a beautiful white horse, and pile the belongings of a dead warrior, bow, shield, arrows, lance, clothing, all in a heap and burn them. I was told these things were to meet the owner in the Happy Hunting Grounds upon his arrival there.

I could not form any idea of the morals of the Indians, as I was too young at that time, but I understand that a squaw was killed because of unfaithfulness to her lord. It seems the unwritten law applied only to women among the Indians.

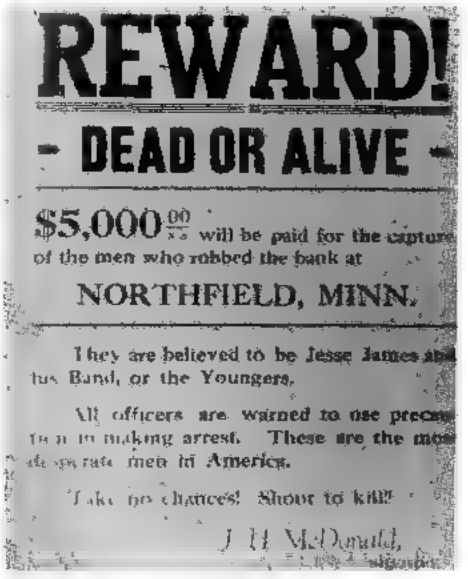
During the time we lived at the agency the Indians gave a war dance. There were several tribes present: Delawares, Caddoes, Wacos, and Tonks. A large lodge, about fifty by one hundred feet, was prepared for the occasion, and each warrior was supposed to show how he had performed some feat in battle. A beef hide was wrapped around a post to represent a man. The warriors were all painted and dressed in their war bonnets; some of them wore buffalo horns, and the wearers looked like old Satan himself. They were mounted on fine horses and charged the rawhide man, sending their arrows through his body. One very old warrior had a weapon made with a handle about three feet long, with the blade of a Bowie knife fastened at the end. He graphically showed how he had killed a man on Military Plaza in San Antonio many years before. Two warriors danced. They had some curious figures painted on their backs, and kept time to the sound of a drum beaten by the daughter of the head chief. This war dance was kept up for several days.

DURING the winter of the second year we were at the agency, Father took the greater part of the tribe on a buffalo hunt, leaving only the sick and the very old at the agency. It was a sight to see the Indians leave, all rigged out for the hunt. Tent poles were tied to horses to make a drag, and their belongings were tied on the poles. The Indians called Father "Capitan Pelon." He went along with the tribe on the hunt. He was an expert with the bow and killed many buffaloes on this trip. The Indians brought back lots of dried meat and hides, which gave the squaws plenty of work to do.

Pinochama, the second chief, had a long scar from the corner of his mouth to his ear, which was always painted red. He said he'd got the scar in a fight with white men. He saw a white man fire at him from behind a tree, and thinking his gun was empty, charged him. Another white man was there too, with a loaded gun, and Pinachama was shot in the face. Some of his comrades dragged him to safety.

When Father gave up his position as agent, we moved about twenty-five miles below the agency and established a ranch on the Clear Fork of the Brazos. There we had many further adventures with the Indians, some serious, some comic.

Those were rough, wild and rowdy days on the old frontier—days that I have never forgotten.



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They are believed to be Jesse James and his Band, or the Youngers.

All officers are warned to use precaution in making arrest. These are the most desperate men in America.

Take no chances! Shoot to kill!

J. H. McDonald,

Photo Courtesy Homer Croy

Copy of poster offering a $5,000 reward for Jesse James and his band.

My Father Planned the James Boys' Capture

(Continued from page 17)

threatening him with fixed bayonets. They forced him to witness the cruel treatment of his stepfather at the mulberry tree, then went to the house to threaten Mrs. Samuels with pointed guns. She could not tell, for she did not know."

When they took Dr. Samuels with them, three shots were heard in the direction they had gone, leaving Jesse and his mother to believe they had shot Dr. Samuels, which was wrong. They rode with him until midnight and lodged him, hungry and suffering great pain with his bloody neck, in the jail at Liberty. It was then Jesse told his mother he was going to join Quantrill. She said to him: "They have stolen all the horses, and you have no money."

"Time will bring both," was Jesse's reply. Soon after this Mrs. Samuels and

her daughter were arrested and taken to St. Joseph and thrown into jail, and kept there twenty-five days. No charge was made against her, she was imprisoned because she and her sons were Southern sympathizers. Is it then to be wondered why her sons, beaten, imprisoned, tortured, persecuted at every turn, and driven from home, joined Quantrill's avenging band?

That same spring after Jesse was beaten, Fletcher Taylor, a member of Quantrill's guerrillas, and one of the most desperate fighters the world ever saw, came for him and took Jesse to join Quantrill.

The Shouse family and other neighbors of the James boys felt a deep sense of gratitude to them and all other guerrillas and bushwhackers in local relation to the Civil War, for it was this band that arose to defend the people of Clay and Jackson Counties from the tyranny and oppression of the unbridled "redlegs" from Kansas, who made frequent raids on Missouri border towns. However, the continuously outrageous conduct of the guerrillas in the 1870's had changed public sentiment among many of their most loyal friends and former supporters. It was this changed attitude that led John W. Shouse to evolve a plan to capture Jesse James.

SHOUSE associated with him William Wysong, James O. Shouse, Joseph T. Pettigrew, William G. Dollis, William Dagley, Riley Henderson and Dick Liddle. The plan was submitted to Governor Crittenden, who approved every detail and armed the men for mutual protection. The James brothers were not to be killed, but to be overpowered and turned over to the officers of the law.

Several years the law of Clay County had done its best to capture Jesse and Frank. Sheriff James Timberlake, his deputy, James Reed, and Henry H. Craig, police commissioner of Kansas City, knew of the organization and rendered every possible service.

This was about the middle of February, 1882. The few meetings which the group held were at night, under the utmost secrecy. Prior to the statement in the *Kansas City Star*, the names of the men associated with John W. Shouse have been unknown.

With details of capture agreed upon, the next thing to do was locate Jesse James. No one had heard of him for many weeks, yet these men lived near the James farm, and kept a constant watch for Jesse.

Ten days before Jesse was killed, he and Charlie Ford and Bob Ford stayed all night at the home of Jesse's mother, Mrs. Samuels, near Kearney, Missouri. Mrs. Samuels had known Charlie Ford for years, but this was the first time she had met his brother Bob. She did not like the looks of Bob and she told Jesse she did not believe him true. Jesse laughed but promised to keep an eye on him, for he, too, didn't set much store by him.

It seems the mistrust stemmed from the fact that Jesse had given William Ford's fifteen-year-old son a beating, for not telling the whereabouts of Jim Cummins (not Cummings, so commonly misspelled).

Jesse was looking for Cummins in the fall of 1881, with Dick Liddle, to settle the score of Cummins accusing Jesse of killing Ed Miller. Jesse and Liddle gave Cummins a hot chase from some point in Arkansas, up through Missouri, to William Ford's farm.

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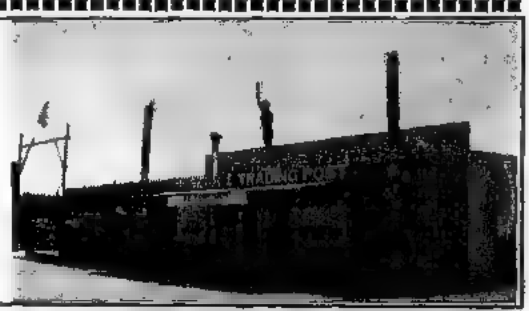

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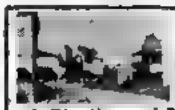

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William Ford married Artella Cummins, and was a brother-in-law of Jim Cummins. The Ford farm, which was the original Cummins farm, was located two miles south of John W. Shouse's farm, and three miles southeast of the James farm, about four miles west of Excelsior Springs.

Cummins had left a short time before Jesse and Liddle arrived. Ford was not at the farm, only his young son. As my father related to me before he died, the beating of Ford's son was a fatal mistake by Jesse, for it made an enemy of the Fords and laid the foundation for breaking up the James band.

My father learned of this act of Jesse, and saw an opening for the execution of his plan. He arranged with William Wysong, who was a near neighbor of William Ford, to see Ford, and, if possible, interest him in the plan. Wysong reported in a few days that both Bill Ford and Bob Ford, a nephew of Bill's, were willing to co-operate. After this agreement, it was merely a month before they could locate Jesse.

A STRANGE break of fate caused Jesse to reveal his place of hiding. Bob's brother, Charlie, had been living with Jesse at 1381 Lafayette Street, St. Joseph, since November 3, 1881, but none of my father's plotters knew this. The house on Lafayette Street was formerly the property of Councilman Aylesbury. Jesse paid fourteen dollars a month for it, and gave the name of Thomas Howard. Charlie Ford gave the name of Charles Johnson and claimed to be a cousin.

In those days in St. Joseph, Jesse always kept at least two horses in the stable back of the house, and was heavily armed at all times. In the house he kept a double-barrelled shotgun loaded with buckshot, a Winchester rifle, a forty-five-calibre Colt revolver, a forty-five-calibre Schofield revolver, and three cartridge belts. He never left the house without both of the revolvers and the three cartridge belts loaded, and some cartridges in his pockets. That was the way he armed himself when he went downtown. When he went away to be gone any length of time he carried in addition to this, a small valise full of cartridges. When on a trip, he carried his Winchester strapped on the inside of a large umbrella.

There at Lafayette Street, Jesse and Charlie Ford were planning to rob a bank at Platte City and needed help, for the rest of the gang were either dead or in prison, except Frank James, who was still in hiding. Jesse and Charlie came to the conclusion Bob Ford might be induced to help. They went to the home of J. T. Ford, father of Bob and Charley, a short distance east of Richmond, Ray County. Mrs. Martha Bolton, a sister of the Ford boys, was living there, keeping house for her father. It was at this home Dick Liddle killed Wood Hite, at daylight Sunday morning, December 4, 1881.

When Jesse and Charlie arrived at the J. T. Ford home, they learned that Bob was in Clay County at the home of his uncle, Bill Ford. They started back to Clay County. This was in the latter part of March, 1882. Here they seemingly smoothed matters over about the whipping of Bill Ford's son. Jesse James, Charlie and Bob Ford rode away, spending the night at the home of Mother Samuels.

At the first opportunity after they arrived back in St. Joseph, Bob revealed the "plan" to Charlie, who flatly refused to co-operate. Bob replied, "If you do not co-operate with me in this matter, Jesse or I will have to die." Charlie, having to decide between his brother or Jesse, became a silent partner.

It was more than a week before the opportunity came. Just when the James family had finished breakfast.

Six-year-old Jessie James, Jr., whom his mother and father called "Tim," heard the loud roar of a shot from the front room . . . his mother rushed in and screamed. "Tim" ran in after her and saw his father dead upon the floor, his mother down upon her knees by his side crying bitterly. Jesse was killed instantly by the bullet Bob Ford shot into the back of his head. He never spoke or breathed after he fell.

I STATED to the *Kansas City Star* that my father never intended that Jesse James should be killed, but the feeling of hate lingered from the day Jesse beat Bill Ford's fifteen-year-old son . . . this stood between the Fords and Jesse.

This is the complete story my father told me.

But the true story of Jesse James, the man and father, rests between the walls of the one-story cottage romantically situated on the crest of a lofty eminence east of St. Joseph and commanding a view of that city. As Major John N. Edwards, the man who accompanied Frank when he surrendered to Governor Crittenden, wrote of Jesse in 1877: "He was hunted, and he was human."

Yet they tacked a small board on his home bearing the words:

JESSE JAMES HOUSE.
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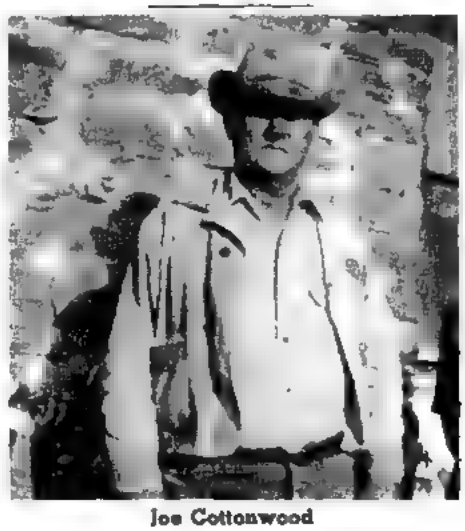

Joe Cottonwood

"Your Law Was On Your Hip, Son!"

(Continued from page 11)

happened that quick, in about three years. And the comin' of bobbed wire stirred up more ruckus than a skunk in a henhouse. With it the big land owners began swallowing up the nesters, like an old black bass in a pond gulping up minnows, and before you knowed it there warn't hardly any place left to ride."

"But Texas is a big state still," I said. "There's plenty of room for a man to ride, isn't there?"

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"Show me a place where you can ride three miles without hittin' a line fence and I'll buy you a new hat, son. No, sir, it's all cluttered up. Warn't like that back in the old days. You had plenty of elbow room."

"Tell me about the nesters," I urged.

"Well, thousands of cowboys quit the saddle for the plow and took up 160-acre homesteads. Figured it was better to get a piece of land and settle down than go on chasin' rainbows all over the country. Other thousands drifted onto the range for the same purpose, and right away the big cattlemen began callin' 'em nesters. When bobwire first come in, it was a blessin' to them little settlers because they could fence themselves in against range cattle.

"Yep, that was all fine long as it lasted, but it didn't last long. Soon the big boys who already had all the best land started buying the little fellows out, or leasin' their land for little or nothin', and by hook or crook gettin' them out of the way. Them that didn't sell or lease found theirselves gradually hemmed in and had to sell or starve. But most just up and left, plum discouraged, and let their land go. The worst thing the big ranchers did was gobble up all the water.

"Yezzer, them was rocky times in Texas, boy. Mighty rocky. First thing you knowed we had gunslingers and Winchester parties, with a lot of killin'. As I said before, there warn't no law but the six-gun and blood flowed freely on both sides. Finally the legislature made fence cuttin' a penitentiary offense. Why, a man could be put in jail for just havin' a pair of pliers in his pocket. Worse than carryin' a gun is now. Actually you could get more jail time for havin' a pair of nippers in your pocket than you'd get today for carryin' an equalizer in your pocket in front of the city hall in Los Angeles.

"But all that plowin' the nesters did while they was on the land practically ruined it. Once they killed off the grass by turnin' it over and suckin' up the moisture with their crops, their top soil blowed away and their acres turned to sand. Today there's only waste where once there was good land. 'Course there's still lots of good land in Texas, but it was *all* good land one time."

TELL me about Abilene and Dodge," I prodded.

"Wouldn't know about Abilene, son. Abilene had had it by the time I come along in '83. But Dodge was goin' strong along about then. Took its turn as the cowboy capital of the Southwest in '82. Cattlemen, freighters, hunters, soldiers—just about every type of feller you'd want to meet was on the streets all day and all night, howlin' like coyotes or raisin' a ruckus in some other way. Bullwhackers and mule skinners elbowin' you out of the way on the board sidewalks.

"I recollect they had a real bullfight on the Fourth of July, with real fightin' bulls and matadors from Mexico and Spain. It was held at the fair grounds and there was a big crowd. Yep, Dodge was boomin' then. A real trail town.

"But it didn't last long. Along come a cow disease known as Texas fever and the government clamped down. Guess you might today call it the hoof-and-mouth disease. I just wouldn't know about that. Anyway, Kansas said no more cattle from Texas, except between the end of November and the first of March. You couldn't drive in the sum-

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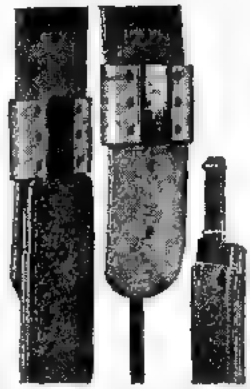

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mer and fall months, between March the first and December first, which was the regular drivin' season. Headin' up the trail in winter was out. So the era of the cattle trail was over."

"Tell me more about the longhorns," I said, trying to keep his mind on the subject. "In the Buckhorn Saloon in San Antonio there hangs a set of horns which extend all the way across the big mirror back of the bar. Must be eight or ten feet across. Is that on the level?"

"Never seen that one, son, but it could be. I've seen spreads up to eight feet, though four or five for a full-grown critter is more common. A longhorn finished his growth at about four years, but the horns didn't. The longer the beast lived the longer its horns got to be. But the way they was goin' up the trail in the late seventies and early eighties, thousands and thousands of 'em, it warn't long before the older ones had all disappeared and a great pair of horns was hard to come by. Oh, now and then an old critter would show up, with a nice pair of horns, but they was rare.

"My pappy was drivin' in the seventies and seen lots of nice spreads, but by the time I was old enough to go with him, if you seen a spread of five feet you was doin' well. All our herds was rounded up early in the spring and we was on the trail by March 1. Usually it was clear weather by then. My pappy, like I said, drove hard for the first three, four days to take some of the spirit out of the critters, and then we took it easier."

"You were riding trail in '83," I said. "You were pretty young for it, weren't you?"

"Maybe one of the youngest ever. Two reasons for it. My mother had died that winter and my two little sisters was boarded out with my aunt in Gonzales. Pappy was powerful lonely and thought a lot of me. He wanted to keep me near him all the time. Second reason was, that was the year of the great cowboy strike and cowpokes was hard to find."

"Don't tell me you had a cowboy strike," I said. "Why, they weren't even organized."

"That's what *you* think, son. Remember, the big ranchers was tryin' to get rid of the little ranchers, and these little ranchers nearly all hired out as cowpokes for the drivin' season. Well, the big ranchers got an idea, see? They figured it would be a good time while the little fellers was off drivin' their cattle for them to fence in the range when there wasn't anybody around to stop 'em, except maybe the wimmen folks. They could also slap on a few brands while they was about it. As easy as that and nobody would come around to stop 'em, not until the cowboys got back home again. It would be like you hirin' somebody to drive a truck load of stock to the market in St. Louis, say, and while the truck driver was away you'd go up to his place and steal everything he owned.

"So what happens? The boys go on strike and there's nobody to drive the cattle. They're back home keepin' an eye on things. That made some rocky times in Texas. The cowboys, or little ranchers, was called everything the big ranchers could lay their tongues to, like scamp, coyote, traitor, and worse. But the ugly charges was no more true then of the cowboys than it is today of other honest little fellers who band together to protect their rights. 'Course my chief interest in the ruckus at the time was that it give me a chance to ride up the trail as a wrangler for my pappy.

NEXT trip up was a little different. Big land owner from Missouri contracted for 1,000 head of three-year-old steers, some of which my pappy furnished. This feller was sort of pioneerin' in the feeder business. He could of shipped part way by rail but the railroads charged by the car and you couldn't put many longhorns inside a car on account of the fact they was longhorns. The horns stuck out too far.

"My pappy was very doubtful from the start about drivin' to Missouri. He'd been through the country before the trail moved westward to Abilene and dreaded the rough trails in western Arkansas.

"Everything went smooth, though, until we tried to trail out of the Injun Territory near Fort Smith. We'd had some trouble with fences and with mad, gun-totin' farmers in northeast Texas, but had managed to get through.

"Figured we'd run into trouble and we did. A big bunch of riders heavily armed met us and ordered us to turn back. They claimed our herd had tick fever.

"No, no, tenderfoot—that ain't what we mean by 'bottoms up!'"

"They had no right to block us, but with so many guns facin' us, what else could we do?

"While pappy argued with the Arkies, our cattle was browsin' and gettin' fatter. He argued for two full days and meanwhile we had a plan. Pappy said we'd make a run for it at night in moonlight and get through before they could stop us.

"Pappy give the Injuns a steer to feast on so they wouldn't be prowlin' around at night. A longhorn could smell an Injun a mile off and it always made 'em nervous, specially at night.

"Well, finally we made our move but the Arkies was layin' for us and stampeded the cattle all over hell's half acre. There was some gun play and one of the Missourians was wounded. My horse stumbled and fell on me, mashin' me up a little, but I wasn't too bad hurt to ride. At least I didn't think so then.

"Pappy doctored up the wounded man as best he could and told me to take him to Fort Smith and find a doctor for him. Meanwhile I would wait in Fort Smith until he come for me. Pappy said he'd go back with the others and try and round up them locoed steers.

"I got the man to Fort Smith and then my side started hurtin'. Instead of havin' one patient, the hospital had two.

PROHIBITED

"Well, in a few days my pappy showed up. Said they'd rounded up the cattle but the Arkies still wouldn't budge an inch. He'd aready sent the herd west toward the railroad so he could ship them and said for me to stay there in Fort Smith until he got back. He went on to catch up with the herd while I lollygagged around with a couple of nice young nurses.

"In the way of kids as young as I was, I was up and around in a few days. First thing I did was go into town to see the sights. The town was full of soldiers and a little Negro boy was shining shoes on a side street. Well, I went into business with him and moved his stand out on the main street. While he shined shoes I went out soliciting customers. We got a dollar a shine.

"By the time my pappy came back for me I'd saved up $150, which was more money than I'd ever seen all at one time.

"The wounded man had recovered by then and pappy paid him off. He also settled the hospital bill.

"Later on I helped pappy make any number of shorter drives to various railheads and in 1885 we made our longest and last drive. That was to Montana. There was a fairly good business in trailin' what we called 'longies'—two-year-old Texas steers—to the Montana range where they was grazed for two years, until they was four years old. They then went to market as top quality. We delivered 2,000 head that trip to a rancher on the Little Big Horn who had some kind of a grazing deal with the Cheyennes. We come home in October.

THEN we come on to a stretch of hard times. Pappy had failed to get control of the land around our homestead and other settlers had gobbled up our range.

"So in '86 we pulled up stakes and went to ranchin' on leased land in the North Canadian River country. That winter of '86-'87 turned out to be one of the coldest they'd ever had up there, with a blizzard that howled for days.

"The summer come on dry and stayed that way. Then another terribly cold winter set in. We kept body and soul together mostly from money we made skinnin' dead cattle that had froze to death.

"In the spring of '89 pappy figured he'd had enough. We heard about the Cherokee Strip the government was goin' to open to settlers in April and we headed that way, doin' a little sight seein' on the way. We crossed the North Canadian River and rode to the Red Fork of the Arkansas.

"One night three travel-worn strangers pulled up at our camp and asked for food. We shared our grub with them. They was friendly and didn't say who they was until they was ready to leave. Then they told us.

"They was Bob and Emmett Dalton, and Charlie Bryant, of the notorious Dalton gang.

"The next day pappy and I run into a posse led by a U. S. marshal, out lookin' for the Daltons. We said they'd stopped at our camp but we didn't say which way they went. We just didn't know.

"Everybody knows of course what happened to the Dalton gang. They all ended up poorly in the Coffeeville, Kansas, fiasco.

"So that, son's about it. When my pappy died I got out and rustled for myself. I didn't do bad, either. I've had my share of livin' and some of it's been

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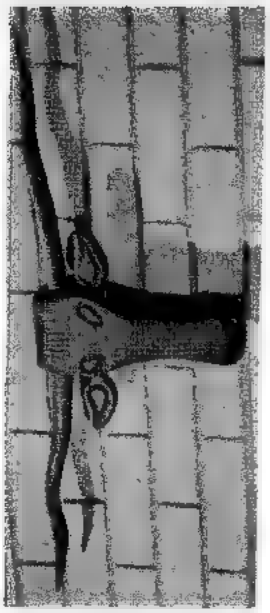

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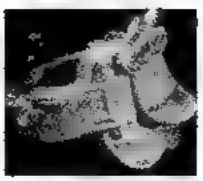

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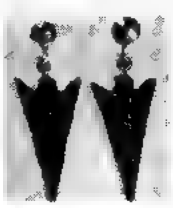

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fun. Right now I'm enjoyin' myself more than ever, and when that time comes to ride the last trail, 'spect I'll find a few others joggin' along with me, if I'm lucky, and maybe we'll sing some of the songs we used to sing on the trail, like *Oh! Susanna, Dinah Had a Wooden Leg, Hell Among the Yearlin's*, and that one that says, 'She had hair like a bloomin' angel.' What's the name of it, now? Oh, yeah—*Sally Gooten*. You recollect that one, son?"

"No, I don't believe I do," I said. "That was before my time."

"So it was, son, so it was! Well, so long, boy, and remember this: Don't let nobody ever tell you trail drivers was panty-waists. Some of 'em would turn over in their graves."

The Shame of Natchez

(Continued from page 22)

connected Natchez with the East, winding for hundreds of miles through forest and bog. Travelers were robbed and often murdered, and it had been men like Feeney who had made those pioneer journeys so hazardous. Feeney's more recent activities along the Mississippi had improved his character not one bit. He was a lanky six-footer of sixty or more, with a gray beard that covered most of his shirt front, and shaggy hair that hung below his shoulders. He had a nose like a scavenger's bill and the beady, alert eyes of a mongoose, according to White, who said of him later, "To find the man staring at you made cold chills run down your spine."

Feeney, however, was to become the key figure in the bold plan White devised for bringing the ring leaders to book. Through his colossal ignorance he became, without realizing it, the other's dupe, or scapegoat. White won his friendship and respect by treating him to the most expensive drinks to be had, as well as Creole dishes that were beyond his means.

Winning the man's confidence, White ascertained the details of how the three young girls had been procured. All had been stolen in St. Louis and spirited down the river at night. Two were the Beckett sisters, daughters of a St. Louis merchant; the other, a girl of twelve, was from a wealthy St. Louis family named St. Claire. Years later, when Missouri passed measures to halt kidnappings, their names were mentioned frequently as early examples of child stealing.

Feeney told White he had turned the three girls over to Purdy to be auctioned off, but as yet had received no money from Purdy, who had agreed to dispose of them on a fifty-fifty basis.

White, estimating that the girls would bring no more than $200 each, offered Feeney that price, pointing out that he would be better off since he would not have to split with Purdy. White said further, he knew where he could dispose of the girls and make a comfortable commission for himself. He thought that if he could get possession of the girls, and got Feeney to sign a bill of sale for them, he would have the evidence he needed to convict the old scoundrel and possibly put a stop to the white slave racket on the river.

Feeney agreed to the sale and said he would reclaim his property from Purdy the moment White came up with the money.

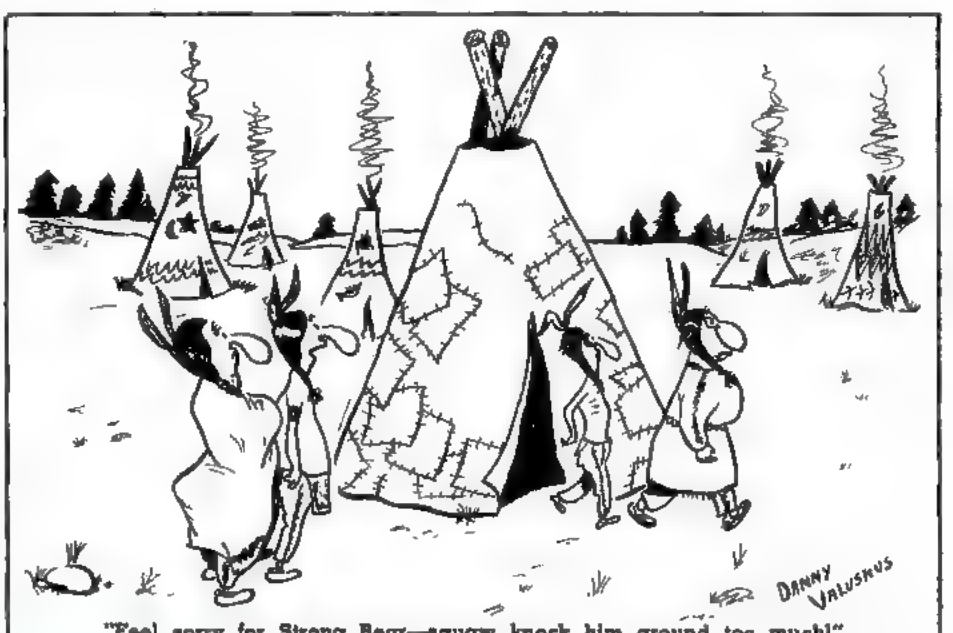
While White was arranging with the parents of the girls for the necessary funds to secure their release, Purdy herded his women aboard a flatboat and set off down-river.

Learning of this, upon his return to Lower Natches, White was frantic. He had personally assured the parents that their daughters would be returned to them before they were actually harmed, but now anything could happen. Once the girls were in the hands of dive keepers, they would disappear from the face of the earth.

Boarding the next flatboat to come along, he set off downstream hoping to overtake Purdy and his menage before contact was made with the buyers.

For several days the flatboat White was on remained a mile or so behind Purdy's chartered boat but never quite came within hailing distance.

Then one morning White awakened with an aching and swollen head in Baton Rouge. He had been brutally beaten and hauled onto shore. His pistols and



"Feel sorry for Strong Bear—squaw knock him around too much!"

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money were gone. Without money, further pursuit of Purdy would be useless.

RETURNING several days later to Natchez proper, White learned that he was in trouble. He had been gone so long that the parents of the missing girls believed he was in cahoots with the gang. He had made false pretenses, they said, and had gone off with their money. Even Stokes was skeptical of White's story of having been beaten and robbed, but when shown the bruises on White's head he relented.

The matter already had been reported to the governor's office and to the sheriffs along the river, but there were so many reports of missing girls during these times that no one paid much attention to them. In most cases the girls had simply run off, lured by promises of an abundant life. No one, it seemed, much less the local sheriffs, wanted to buck the river mob.

Stokes had searched the statutes but had been unable to come up with any laws that would directly apply to Purdy's methods of operation.

"Then I'll take the law into my own hands," White said. "I came to Natchez to go west, but I can't pick up and leave with this against me. I would never live it down. Where can I sell my horses?"

White not only sold his horses but disposed of everything else he owned and repaid the parents of the girls. When he had squared up his accounts and rearmed himself he found he had little left.

He again contacted Feeney who had not learned of his double role. He had been careful to conceal it from everyone but Stokes.

Through Feeney, who now became a go-between, he offered to join Purdy's mob, suggesting that Purdy needed a good business manager. He pointed out that Purdy was losing money every day to his procurers who were pulling the wool over his eyes. Though he did not know this to be a fact, it happened to be true and no one was more aware of it than Purdy himself, who was quick to listen. White became Purdy's business manager and soon he was in possession of information which he could in no other way have obtained. He soon located the Beckett sisters, Rose and Mary, and Evelyn St. Claire. All had been sold to a dive keeper in the Swamp, the most wicked section of New Orleans, where for a picayune one could have a drink, a bed for the night and a woman to go with it. And if a man wasn't careful he could be robbed and murdered to boot.

From the information Purdy turned over to him, White was able to determine the number of stolen girls sold down the river, as well as those who had contracts. And he knew the whereabouts of every one of them. Of the seventy-six women Purdy had disposed of from the auction block, 32 were girls under sixteen who had been kidnapped, or stolen, the word more commonly applied to such matters of the time. White's primary interest was in securing the release of the three St. Louis girls, but he also was anxious to put a stop to the whole rotten business, a task that loomed more and more monumental as he studied it. Without official help, and sufficient forces to round up the villainous men involved, he could do nothing.

Copying off the list of women sold, and their present whereabouts, jotting down their names when names were available, White took the papers to Stokes and asked him to keep them for him. "I am going down-river to free the Beckett sisters and Evelyn St. Claire," he said. "If anything should happen that I don't come back for these, publish the lists and perhaps that will help. I expect to be back in three weeks."

POSING as a flatboatman, a role into which he fit very well, White made contact with Rose Beckett at the Swamp bordello, where she and the other girls had been established to serve customers. White, paying the price of a night's lodging in the establishment, which included the company of a girl, asked for Rose, saying he had previously spent a night with her.

When he walked into her room, she was crying, complaining that she was ill. This he detected immediately as a defense measure on her part and he quickly told her of his self-assigned mission, and of his previous unsuccessful efforts whereupon the girl became almost hysterical with delight. She said her sister, Mary, was actually ill but the dive keeper continued to send her customers. The other girl, Evelyn St. Claire had attempted suicide by slashing her wrists with a piece of broken glass, resulting in a sound beating. All three had been unmercifully abused and subjected to all sorts of indignities, things that they had never even heard of. "We would all be better off dead," Rose said. "If you can get us out of here it would be the kindest thing you could do for anyone."

Rose led him to Mary's room where they found that her customer for the night had fallen asleep in a drunken stupor. Mary was sent to wait in Rose's room while they investigated the situation in Evelyn St. Claire's quarters.

Here, too, the customer had fallen asleep, for it was then about one o'clock in the morning. But he heard the girls whispering and sat up just as White, anticipating trouble, stepped through the doorway.

Upon seeing White, the riverman in traditional fashion began swinging his huge arms and strutting like a bantam cock, threatening annihilation to any and all intruders who interfered with his personal pleasures. Stripped to his skin, he was formidable, with wide shoulders and powerful muscles. He outweighed White by many pounds.

"I ain't had a fight in a month," he sang out, "and I guess it's about time I exercised my muscles. I'm one of them new-fangled keelboats they talk about and I dare you to scrape the paint off me hull, you hidden river snag!" It was river talk that White understood.

As the big fellow moved toward him, White stepped forward and planted a haymaker on his chin that made him stagger a bit, but that was all.

"So you want it rough, do ye?" The fellow went for a knife that lay on the commode.

White whipped out one of his pistols and shot the riverman dead.

At the crack of the shot there came the sound of men climbing the stairs.

"Back to your rooms!" White shouted to the girls. He turned toward the back stairs as heavy feet pounded up the front stairway.

At the back door he ran into a guard with a rifle. He quickly twisted the gun out of the man's hands and used it as a club over his head.

Looking up, he saw that Rose Beck-

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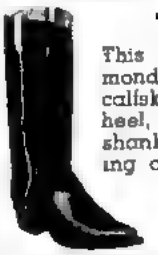

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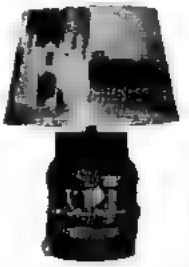

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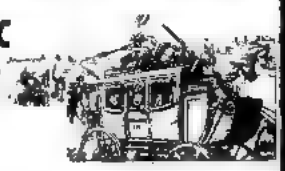

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ett had raised her window and was motioning to him, indicating she was going to drop to the ground. He ran under the window and caught her in his arms as she fell.

They fled into the maze of rattletrap buildings and alleyways and escaped into the Vieux Carré, or French section, where Rose found shelter in a Creole home. White told her to remain there until he came for her, then he hurried down to the river and hid among the cotton bales stacked on a flatboat. It would not be wise to remain on the streets while the dive-keeper's men were out looking for him.

IN Natchez the publisher, Ben Stokes, waited out the three-weeks deadline and when White failed to show up on schedule he followed instructions and published the list of women Purdy had sold down the river, along with the names of their purchasers. Though he did not reveal how the list came into his possession, Purdy of course knew immediately and he realized he had been trapped by a traitor. Word went out along the river to get White, dead or alive.

It was an unfortunate break for White, who had no way of getting in touch with Stokes immediately, for the day the list was published, White was delivering the Beckett sisters to their parents in St. Louis. He had succeeded finally in spiriting Mary away from the Swamp, but meanwhile something had happened to Evelyn St. Claire. Even Mary Beckett did not know what had become of her. She simply had disappeared one night and was never seen again. Her fate was to remain unknown to this day.

White heard of the publication of the list and went into hiding, from which he did not emerge for several weeks. When he did come out of seclusion he was an entirely different man. He had let his hair and whiskers grow and, always a master at disguise, there was a red tinge to his whiskers that had not been there before. When he confronted Stokes in Natchez he found himself facing two armed body guards. Stokes could not believe his own eyes when White identified himself. "Except for your voice I would never have known you," Stokes declared. Stokes was in plenty of trouble for Purdy had ordered his plant destroyed. It was necessary to guard the place night and day and Stokes went around town with two armed bodyguards trailing him. The situation was becoming intolerable

The publicity given Purdy and his girl sales, however, had done little to stop his operations for the auctions were still being held each week. Moreover, Purdy had offered a $1,000 reward for White, dead or alive, preferably alive, and his men were seen nightly in Natchez proper.

"I would advise you to leave the territory," Stokes said. "There are too many for us to fight."

White smiled indulgently. "That would be disappointing to them," he said. "Instead, I am going down into Natchez Under the Hill and be right handy in case somebody wants to collect that reward."

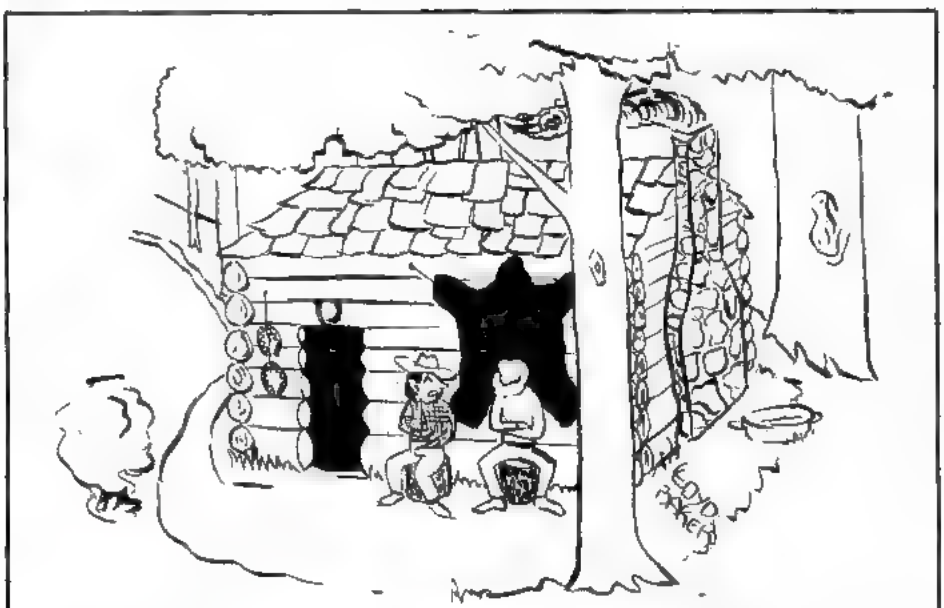
Stokes begged him to be sensible, but White would have none of it. "I want to see if any of those fellows can penetrate my disguise and there is only one way to find out."

His disguise proved perfect, for he strolled the dives of Lower Natchez unnoticed. Even old Feeney brushed elbows with him without paying him the slightest attention. He stood next to Purdy and drank a beer without drawing a second look from the gang boss.

A week after White disappeared into Natchez Under the Hill there began to occur some events that made Stokes sit up and take notice. The first was most ominous. It happened on the morning an auction was scheduled, but the auction did not come off. Four hours before the time set for it, Sam Purdy was found dead in bed, a long knife sticking into his chest. No one had the slightest idea of who had killed him. The common guess was that one of his women had squared up her accounts with him.

Upon Purdy's death, Joe Bontura, Purdy's second in command took over.

Four weeks later, in Baton Rouge, Bontura stepped from a carriage to ap-



"Peace and quiet, peace and quiet! Sometimes I think I'll go mad if I don't get away from it all!"

proach a man who had spoken to him from the shadows. A pistol flared and Bontura dropped dead with a bullet in his heart. The slaying was never solved.

ON June 5, 1805, there were two killings in Natchez Under the Hill that were strangely reminiscent of Purdy's death, for both men died in bed, side by side. No one heard the shots or saw the slayer. The victims were John Gaines and Thomas McMurren, two of Purdy's key men.

There followed then, in rapid succession, only four days apart, two more slayings that just about wiped out the river mob. One occurred at night on a flatboat anchored off Natchez Under the Hill. Lou Evans, one of Purdy's procurers, was in a poker game with four men, one of them a total stranger, a quarrelsome sort of fellow. When a row started over a bet, Evans, a handy man with a gun, went for his pistol, but he was not fast enough. The stranger across from him shot him dead and walked off the boat backward, his spare pistol in his hand. He was unidentified, but was described as having whiskers a slightly different color from his hair.

Remaining of the original gang was Blackie Coe and Jim Feeney. Blackie Coe had the reputation of having inducted more women into prostitution than any man on the river.

Like Lou Evans, Blackie Coe had been given his chance, according to witnesses. He met a man outside one of the dives in Lower Natchez and had words with him. He was told to draw. Coe fired, but a little too late. A pistol bullet lodged near his heart and he was unconscious when friends carried him to his room. He remained in a coma until he died. No one had recognized his slayer.

Of all the slavers, only Jim Feeney remained alive in December of 1805 to stand trial in St. Louis for abducting the Beckett sisters and Marie Field, the girl who had brought the fancy price at Purdy's auction in May of 1804. Marie also had hailed from St. Louis, stolen off the streets by Feeney, who had forced her under threat of death to sign a prostitute's contract with him.

White was a conspicuous witness at Feeney's trial and nodded his head approvingly when the old hellion was sentenced to ten years at hard labor.

According to those close to White and who should have known if anybody did, White had simply despaired of getting any official help in his fight against the river mob and had taken the law into his own hands.

As a result, territorial authorities investigated and more than a dozen young girls were released from dives up and down the river. The others, for reasons of their own, elected to remain prostitutes.

THAT WHITE did a bang-up job in cleaning out the river mob, everyone agreed. His work ended forever the era of the auction block for white women. Any woman after that who chose a life of prostitution did so of her own free will.

After the Louisiana Purchase of 1804 White decided to remain on the Mississippi. He settled in Louisiana, married, became a member of the territorial legislature and prospered in cotton. His progeny today make up approximately one fifth of all the Whites in Louisiana. He had six sons.

"What A Life!"—

(Continued from page 9)

a year by the time Smith's battalion arrived there. Colonel Joseph West had entered the town and taken possession on May 20, 1862. Captain Sherod Hunter of the Confederacy had brought his Texas Cavalry into town in February of that year, and they had a field day in appropriating or destroying the property of the few Union sympathizers there. Hunter left well ahead of West's arrival however, and by June, 1862, there were eleven companies of Union Infantry, two of Cavalry, and two artillery batteries stationed in and around a military plaza erected to accomodate the force.

Tucson at that time was a sinkhole of vice, a raw, tough frontier town where shootings on the street were common occurrences, day and night. In an article for Harper's magazine, J. Ross Browne wrote:

"Tucson is a place for . . . gamblers, horse thieves, murderers, and vagrant politicians. If the world were searched over there could not be found so degraded a set of villains as from the principal society of Tucson . . . Volunteer soldiers are stationed all over the town at the mescal shops, the monte tables, and houses of ill fame for the preservation of public order."

IT was into such a place that the young officer came, yet it seemed to dampen his spirits not at all. In a letter written on June 24, 1863, just a few days after his arrival he tells of a Mexican fiesta.

"This is the day of San Juan and is being duly celebrated by the Mexican population here. The day was ushered in with the firing of rockets and a sort of spasmodic performance of four or five Mexicans on some antiquated fiddles and drums, which they think makes very fine music, but I differ with them considerably."

The back pay issue was still a problem at this writing.

"We have been in the service nearly two years and have been paid only twice, the last time in a currency depreciated almost one-half. We, of course have had to get credit or we could not have lived."

His next letter was written about a month later from the Pima Villages near Phoenix. He had been sent there with a small detachment to see what had been holding up mail shipments. Whatever it was is not mentioned in the letter, but his observations of Pima life are worth noting.

"Pima Villages, Arizona
July 20th, 1863.

"My Dear Aunt:

" . . . I was much pleased to hear from you again, and especially to hear of Uncle Cornelius's nomination for Congress which took me by surprise. I had not anticipated, not even dreamed of such a thing, but it is an agreeable surprise to me and I must congratulate him on his success.

"I hope that he may use some of his influence to get me transferred to the Eastern Army, or to the Regular Army which I should like better. If I can get into the Regular Army with a second lieutenancy I should remain there and make the military my study for life. I like the service as well as ever, but this particular service, I am sick and tired

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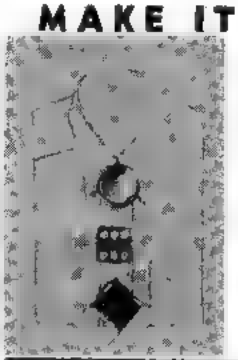

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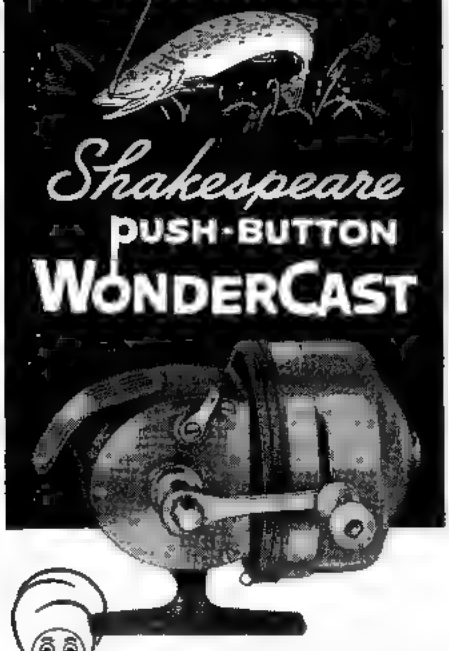

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of. Perhaps you have heard and know enough of the general management of the California Column to give you some ideas of matters here. If the most forbearing man would not get tired of this humbugging it would be because he had not a proper manly spirit.

"The news which we have had lately has been rather discouraging, but our hopes are as high as ever. The news has just come that Vicksburg is taken. This is encouraging and if true will be apt to wipe out the war from Mississippi and the Southwest, and if matters could only be fixed that Lee's Army could be captured in its raid on Pennsylvania, then I think the rebellion would be crushed and we should have peace again in a short time.

"I am looking and hoping for these things to come to pass before President Lincoln's term of office expires. I do not want to see a dough-faced copperhead for our next President, but I feel afraid of it if some decisive turn does not take place before the next presidential election.

"I have been here nearly two weeks. I came down here accompanied by an escort of men to see what was the reason the mail did not come when it was due at Tucson. I am expecting to receive orders from Tucson to return in a day or two.

"The Pimas are a very industrious, peaceful, good-hearted and virtuous tribe of Indians . . . They cultivate some fifteen or twenty thousand acres of the rich bottom lands of the Gila River, and raise large quantities of the finest wheat I ever saw, and corn, peas, squashes, melons, etc. They irrigate their lands by large ditches called Asecas (acequias) and some of them are miles in length. They have many very good ideas about farming, and are far above any other Indians I have seen before in every respect.

"The men are generally good sized healthy looking fellows, but like other Indians they do not work much themselves, the women doing most of the hard work. The women are generally short and strong, own the lands, and do the hard work. They bring wheat here to sell every day, and I am sometimes provoked to see a great big lazy Indian on horseback, and his wife trotting along after him on foot, with from two to three bushels of wheat in a sort of basket on her head and shoulders.

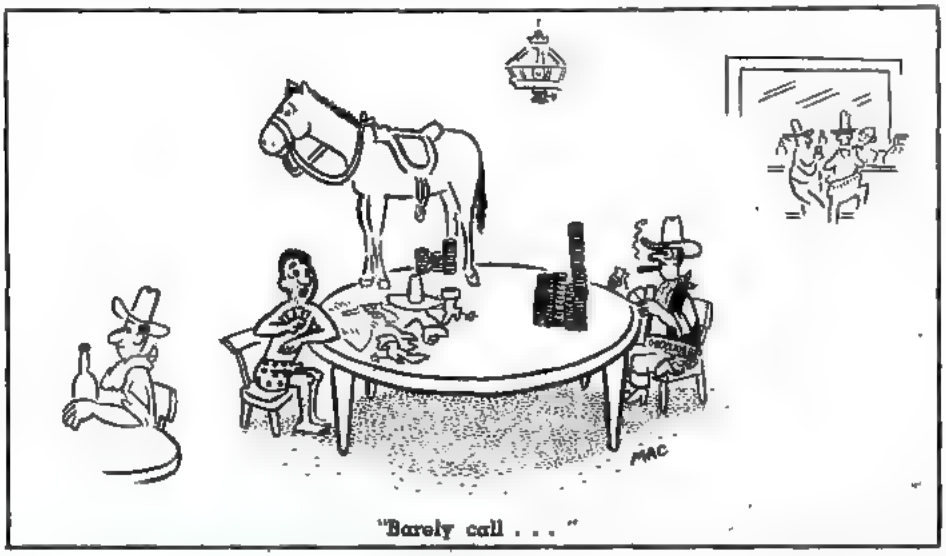
"They seem to have a horror for blood, and you never hear of them maliciously killing anyone. They seem to have an idea of capital punishment, as one of them heard that the Indian agent had killed a man in Tucson. (He) asked me in Spanish why the people did not kill the agent for it. They never have been known to kill a white man, but they are enemies of the Apaches and have no scruples about killing them in battle. When they come back from their war path those who have killed any of the enemy have to stay outside their houses and fast for several days in order to get the enemy's blood off them, after which they have a fine reception by the young ladies and a feast. The men generally dress in an old shirt or soldier's coat of which they have a great many. Some have a great roll of beads around their neck, or hanging from their ears, and occasionally one has some funny trinket hanging from his nose which looks most disgusting.

"They tattoo themselves just under the eyelashes with a streak of black which extends back from the outer corner of the eye to the hair on the side of the head. They paint their faces with red and black paint which gives them a hideous appearance.

"Their hair is very coarse and thick, (and) they cut it off in front so that it extends just down to the eyes, but let it grow to a great length on the back of the head and twist it up in ropes, which on some hang nearly to the knees. Every little while they do it up in mud for a day or two at a time. I think they do it to prevent it from fading.

"The women wear no other clothing than a sort of skirt . . . which they wrap around the waist, and it extends down about to the knees, the upper part of the body being naked. They wear their hair about a foot long hanging naturally about the shoulders. They are tattooed about the eyes the same as the man, and after they are married they have two black streaks from each corner of the mouth, and perpendicular to it, extending down to the bottom of the face. Some of their women are very pretty, and they are generally modest and virtuous.

"Their language is a sort of harsh gutteral like other Indian languages, but much different from the Yuma, or their nearest neighbors, the Maricopas. Though the language is very harsh to the ear, there is a great deal of poetry in their expressions . . . A man asking



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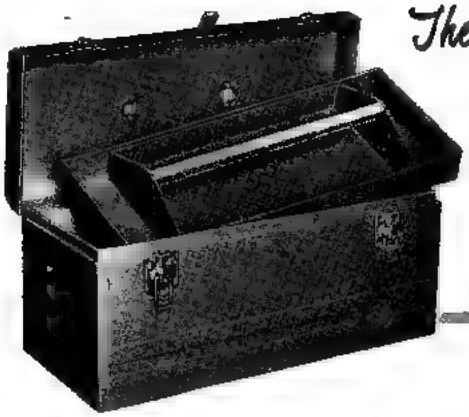

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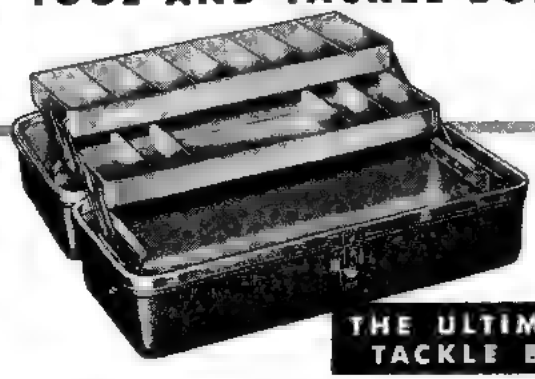

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another to make a light at night would say, 'make a moon' . . .

"I have learned to count. They count by tens. Their word for ten is 'westa-mah', and for two, 'kok'—thus, twenty becomes 'Kok-Westa-mah'; thirty, 'Vik-Westa-Mah', etc. I think from this they must have considerable of a system to their language.

"The population of the Pimas is now from 6,000 to 7,000 persons, a very large tribe. But I am writing a lot of stuff which may not interest you, so I will stop here and not commence another page.

"Please remember me to all the family and write soon,

Your affectionate nephew,
Gilbert"

IT is interesting to note the poor communications between Tucson and the outside world in 1863. Vicksburg fell to Grant on the fourth of July, yet Smith informs his aunt on the twentieth, that news of the victory has just come. Also, at this writing, the Union forces had prevailed at Gettysburg, and Smith's beliefs that such a victory would crush the rebellion were beginning to come true, although he had no way of knowing it. Indeed, by the time the news of Gettysburg reached him, the whole Eastern Seaboard knew the smallest details of the fierce struggles at Cemetery Ridge, and Culp's Hill, and Round Top and the Devil's Den. Will Thompson's "High Tide at Gettysburg" would later bring tears to the eyes of many Americans, Yankee and Rebel alike:

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

But on the twentieth of July, 1863, Gilbert Smith had never even heard of Round Top, or Little Round Top, or the Devil's Den. Six days later, however, he knew of the momentous battle, and mentioned it in the last of these letters.

"Tucson, Arizona
July 26, 1863.

"Dear Uncle:

" . . . We are much elated with the good news from the East. Some of our men have not yet got sober on account of it.

"I am appointed A.A.Q.M. and A.C.S. at this post by orders from District Headquarters and am to commence receiving the government stores and property here tomorrow . . . It will be a good business schooling for me. I will write and tell you how I like it when I have had some experience.

"I hope that your election may come to pass.

"Lieutenant Dutton of Captain Tidball's Company has just arrived here from Apache Pass. He reports that a party of Apaches have driven off the stock at that post, or a part of it.

"I received a letter from home by last mail. All are well except grandma who is failing very fast. I have several other letters to write and will not weary your patience longer.

Your affectionate nephew,
Gilbert."

HERE the letters end, and with them a nostalgic link with the hectic days of yesteryear. Gilbert Smith stayed on in the army, attaining the rank of colonel before his death in St. Louis, Missouri, on July 14, 1899.

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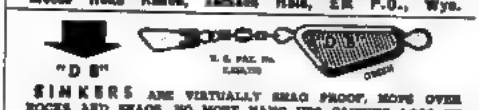

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Minton

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Much of his service was right in Tucson, where he was the quartermaster at old Fort Lowell for a number of years. As a captain there in 1868, he married my grandmother, Lola Oury, the daughter of one of Tucson's most prominent citizens, William Sanders Oury, who had been a courier out of the Alamo in 1836, with Houston at San Jacinto, and had served as Zachary Taylor's interpreter in the Mexican War. The *Weekly Arizona* of July 4, 1868, carried this story, in part:

"The din of generous preparation had been heard for many weeks and the ceremony was witnessed by perhaps the largest gathering of notables ever convened at a wedding in the territory. The Governor and all the civil officers living below the Gila, General Crittenden, his staff and officers from nearly all the military posts, the leading American and Mexican citizens of Tucson, and the ladies, (God bless them!) were all in attendance. The house had been tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, was brilliantly lighted, and the supper was a complete triumph . . . The music, furnished by the Camp Grant troupe, was kept up until broad daylight with a proper interval for the feast of edibles and drinkables which had been so lavishly spread. Those who call Arizona a dry desert country should have seen the groaning tables. The substantials were washed down by some of the choicest wines ever brought to the Territory, and the health, long life, and complete felicity of the newly married was the ever-ringing merry toast."

Their post home at Lowell became a sort of mecca for the Army notables of the era; Generals Adna Chaffee, Shafter, W. H. Carter, O. B. Willcox, J. B. Kerr, George Crook, E. A. Carr, Nelson A. Miles, Arthur MacArthur, and many others.

The recipient of some of the letters, Cornelius Cole, went on to serve as one of California's U. S. Senators in the nation's capitol. He was on the speaker's stand with Lincoln at Gettysburg on the occasion of the immortal Gettysburg Address, and was one of the last persons to see the president on the day he was shot at Ford's Theater by John Wilkes Booth. He died at the ripe old age of 102, still in possession of his faculties, still interested in the present and future, never dwelling sentimentally on the past.

California Range War

(Continued from page 14)

Road, the Scorpion Ranch and Simi and San Fernando Passes. A detail of soldiers from Fort Tejon joined Thompson. Indians watched the roads and trails around Temecula to prevent Flores escaping south to the mountains behind San Diego. The net was closing in on the harried outlaw leader.

On Tuesday, February 3, two soldiers on watch near Simi Ranch halted a lone horseman, ordering him to stop and dismount. He obeyed, pleading that he was Juan Gonzalez Sanchez, a poor man from the San Fernando Mission. He was not armed, didn't even have a pocket knife, and carried only a little dried beef for provisions.

The soldiers hustled him to camp despite his protestations of innocence and there he was identified as Juan Flores by Don Pancho Johnson. About an hour after Flores was captured, two riders came up to Simi Pass with fourteen stolen horses. Challenged by a guard, they fled through the pass. Thompson had stationed two men to guard a narrow spot in the pass itself, but these guards were absent from their posts hunting forage for their horses when the rustlers came pounding through.

Thompson recovered six more horses rustled from Cahuenga the night before to add to the fourteen left behind by the fleeing rustlers at Simi Pass. Flores was questioned about these horses, but blandly denied knowing anything about them or the men who had stolen them. He stated that he and Espinosa and Lopez, after their melodramatic cliff escape, had separated. He had stolen a horse and gear at Santa Ana, and then a fresh mount at San Fernando Mission.

"No, Senor Thompson, I know nothing of these matters," insisted Flores. "Pancho Daniel, not me, is the leader of the rustlers. I now ask you to take me to town so that I can make confession to a padre and also write my dear mother."

"Why, Dutch! You never told me you had warm hazel eyes!"

ALTHOUGH wounded in the right arm by his own pistol in his precarious leap from the cliff, Flores remained very much the tough hombre until he saw the crowd gathered grimly outside the jail. Then his swaggering bravado wilted and he begged Thompson not to leave him. He was put in irons in the calabozo while Thompson, hearing that Daniel had bought provisions in Cahuenga, dashed off in pursuit. No luck—Daniel was long gone when he arrived.

The courts moved swiftly to mete out justice to the captured rustlers and the death penalty was dealt out to Jesus Espinosa, Juan Valenzuela, Pedro Lopez, Diego Navarra, Juan Catabo (alias Juan Sanripa and Juan Silvas), Encarnacion Berryessa, Jose Santos and Francisco (Guerro) Ardiliero. Three others, whose names were unknown, also received death sentences.

On the fourteenth of February, a Saturday, a large crowd gathered in Los Angeles from the surrounding towns and ranches to determine what should be done with Flores and the others held

prisoner in the Los Angeles jail. A vote was taken and the decision was for the execution of Flores. There were no dissenting votes. The men decided to let the authorities retain custody of the other prisoners, whose crimes were horse thieving (a less serious crime in California, strangely, than in other areas of the West), burglary and attempted murder.

Fifty-two men had now been rounded up and imprisoned in this wholesale clean-up of stock thieves and road agents. All were tried, but there was little which could be proved on them and most were released—with a stern warning—for lack of evidence.

The crowd then marched to the jail and seized Flores. Captain Twist's company guarded him as he was marched to the place of execution, followed by Captain Farget's French company. Riding escort on them was a large group of mounted Californios and Americans. Two padres, Father Raho and Father Vicente Llover, attended the prisoner, who walked the quarter-mile to the scaffold with composure.

Flores wore a black coat, a light vest and white trousers. An eye-witness to the lynching noted: "He was a young man, about twenty-two years of age, and of pleasing countenance. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate the formidable bandit which he had proved himself to be." But eye-witness Horace Bell sized Flores up differently. He wrote that although Flores was "young, lithe and graceful, and a beautiful figure in a fandango . . . his eyes were neither black, gray nor blue, but something of each, resembling those of the owl—always moving, watchful, and wary, the most cruel and vindictive eyes ever set in human head."

The doomed man's arms were tied, he was permitted a few last words—in which he admitted his crimes—and his legs were bound. A white handkerchief was put over his face at about two o'clock. The plank supporting his legs was withdrawn and the body swung in the air. The fall was too short and he struggled in agony for a time but finally grew stiff in death.

The one remaining bandido of importance was Pancho Daniel. Andres Fontes, Barton's killer, fled to Baja California but was soon murdered by his partner in crime, Salomon Pico.

PANCHO DANIEL was at large for a year but was captured near San Jose in January, 1858, by a sheriff who found him hiding in a haystack. He was confined to prison for a time, then released on bail. Three trials were attempted but in November of the year a change of venue—from Los Angeles County to Santa Barbara County—was ordered. It began to look as if the last of Barton's murderers would go scot-free, so a group of about 120 citizens formed a vigilance committee. They overpowered the old jailer as he was on his way to market on the morning of November 30, 1858. Taking his keys, they seized Daniel and strung him up on the gateway to the jail yard.

Law and order from this time on began to prevail in southern California and even as talented an outlaw as Tiburcio Vasquez could not reverse the trend toward a stable society. In a sense, the frontier in California died with Pancho Daniel on the last day of November in 1858.

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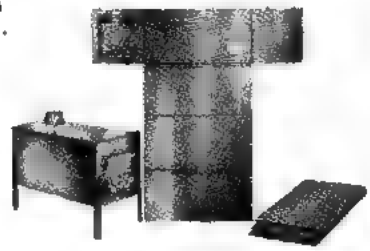

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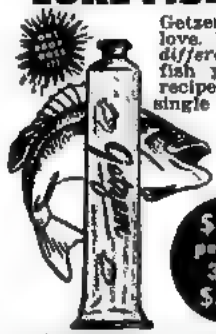

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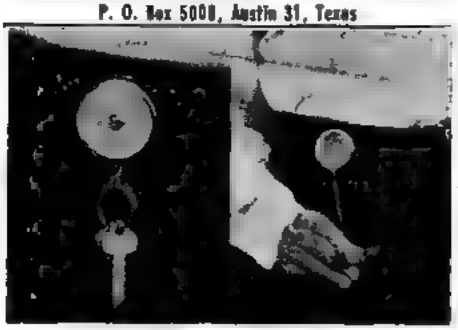

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A view of Dodge City's main street in the early 1870's. The view is toward the east with the Santa Fe tracks and depot to the right across main street from the business buildings.

The Notorious Luke McGlue

(Continued from page 25)

gelistic meetings in an empty store in town. To prove the powerful appeal of his sermons, he expressed the desire to attempt to convert the worst sinner in the camp and made discreet inquiries as to the identity of that person. All he asked answered with no hesitation, "Mysterious Dave Mather is your man. Swing him over to religion and you could talk the Devil himself into heaven."

Brother Johnson hunted up Mysterious Dave and by pleading and cajoling, finally talked that sinister, swift-handed killer into attending a meeting. Dave came and sat sullenly in the rear until the evangelist had whipped the crowd to a fever pitch of ecstacy with his fire and brimstone sermon. Throwing back his head and stretching his arms wide, Brother Johnson shouted, "Open the pearly gates, St. Peter! We are cleansed of our sins and ready to enter the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Mysterious Dave rose to his feet and unlimbered his guns. "If we're all ready, then, let's go now before we backslide," he said. "You first, Preacher, and me last." And he cut loose at the pulpit.

Old-timers claimed that Brother Johnson and his flock went out of that building by every door and window and even made some new ones. Mysterious Dave was left standing alone with his smoking six-guns. Nobody bothered much about saving his soul after that.

A SIMILAR reception was accorded a a certain Dr. Meredith, a self-styled phrenologist and specialist in the cure of venereal diseases, who wrote to Dodge City from his native Illinois asking if that renowned sin town would not be a good field in which to apply his scientific knowledge. A letter, ostensibly from a leading citizen of Dodge, was dispatched in reply, assuring the doctor that the bumps on the heads of some of the camp characters would indeed be worthy of extensive examination and that social diseases were raging unchecked. Even the ministers were not free of the scourge, the correspondent confided. The letter was signed, "Luke McGlue."

Dr. Meredith hurried to Dodge and immediately engaged the Lady Gay Dancehall for a night in order to deliver a lecture to a populace sorely in need of his services. The house was filled to capacity as the doctor mounted the stage. Flanking the upended crate that was to serve as a lectern were Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp. Other influential citizens of the town, who, coincidentally, also were gunhands of note, were seated at places of honor upon the stage.

Masterson introduced the speaker, admonishing the audience to be polite and considerate to the visitor as he was there to help them. The doctor rose and had scarcely begun his talk when he was interrupted by a harsh voice from the audience. Some rude fellow had called the speaker a liar. Masterson leaped to his feet and again warned the crowd that interruptions would not be tolerated. He personally, Masterson said, caressing his gun butt significantly, would take charge of the originator of any further coarse outburst. Wyatt Earp and the other renowned gunfighters on the stage swept the audience with dark looks.

Dr. Meredith proceeded with his lecture in a taut, high-strung voice. He paused after each quaking phrase to steal glances at the tightlipped gentlemen at his side. He had not gotten very far when an obscene insult was hurled from somewhere in the crowd. Instantly the place was a bedlam. Masterson and Earp leaped to their feet and shattered the kerosene lamps in a .45 fusilade. Windows crashed, tables and chairs were overturned, hoarse screams knifed the darkness. The Lady Gay was emptied of Dr. Meredith's audience in a twinkling. When the tumult was over, Bat Masterson found an unbroken lamp and lit it. A search was made for the distinguished scientist. He was finally found, curled up in a very undignified position under a table. After feeling gingerly all sectors of his scientific person and miraculously finding no holes, the doctor declined the earnest invitation of Masterson, Earp and others to remain and lecture again. He left the uncivilized denizens of Dodge to their cranial bumps and venereal afflictions and departed on the first train east.

DODGE was as proud of its pranksters as it was of its gunmen. Like McGlue, who typified all of the fun-loving saloon and gambling crowd, rose in public favor until he was on occasion listed as mayor of the city. An 1878 issue of the *Dodge City Times* proclaims, "Luke McGlue, Mayor, gives official notice which is posted on the depot building.

that he will enforce the vagrant law, thereby warning tramps who may infest those quarters. A timely action. Hope McGlue will extend his authority over the city."

As an authority on the town and its peculiarities, McGlue was consulted when a reader of the *Dodge City Times* in Washington, D. C., wrote the editor of the paper requesting clarification of a certain expression used in that frontier tabloid. "I see, at times, in your spritely paper," wrote the baffled Easterner, "the use of the term or terms 'go to the joint,' or 'gone to the joint,' etc. Will you please inform me what it means?"

Luke McGlue, scholarly lexicographer of Dodge, answered as follows: "We are always willing to give the people of Washington City any information they may desire on matters of public interest. In order that the president and his cabinet may get a clear idea of this grave question, we will endeavor to be explicit. Gilmore, on municipal elections, page 77, says, 'The gang got to the joint in good shape.' This is the best authority we have. As an instance more easily understood by the average Washingtonian, suppose Hayes and Morton should get on a bender and put their jewelry in soak for booze, then it would be appropriate to say they 'got to the joint' by this means. For further particulars, address, L. McGlue."

When the letter was printed in the *Times*, the citizens of Dodge roared in laughter. The authoritative Gilmore quoted, they knew, was a town character named Robert Gilmore, more affectionately known as Bobby Gill, a rum-soaked sot who divided his time between the local gin-mills and the city jail. The facetious reference to President Rutherford B. Hayes and one of his staunch supporters, Congressman Levi Morton, a pair of very strait-laced gentlemen, convulsed everyone.

NOT ALL of the pranks for which Dodge was famous were played on newcomers or visitors. One of the most practical of practical jokes was played on a long-time Dodge City resident. That gentleman, a lawyer, had become addicted to the bottle and was spending most of his waking hours in the saloons while his wife and children suffered. The saloon crowd decided to give him the "Dodge City Keeley Cure." One night as the attorney lay prostrate in a drunken stupor, the boys wrapped him in a shroud, smeared his face with white powder, tied his jaws together and placed him on display in a coffin before a saloon door in full view of passersby. The lawyer was so frightened when he awakened that he swore off liquor and in later years became one of the most respected citizens of the town.

Although highly successful in the case of the lawyer, the "Dodge City Keeley Cure" failed miserably when applied to a heavy drinking hotel proprietor. When that gentleman unstiffened after a bout with the bottle to find himself lying in state, he whooped with joy to find he was still alive, threw off his shroud, and wobbled from his coffin to the bar where he set up drinks for the entire house.

ONE prank repeatedly played in Dodge was the famous "Indian Act." The Dodge City men who participated in the Adobe Walls battle in 1874 had brought back to town all sorts of captured Indian regalia which for years decorated the interiors of the town's best saloons. Whenever a new arrival boasted too loudly of his Indian-fighting abilities, the gaudy trappings were taken down and used to teach the braggart a lesson and to provide merriment for the local jokesters. The stranger would be invited to take part in a hunt on the plains west of the camp. As he rode out of town with a few of the saloon crowd who were parties to the joke, he was warned repeatedly to be on the lookout for roving bands of hostiles that, he was told, infested the area. If they were attacked, the hunters agreed, the only thing was to race to Dodge for help. "You've got the fastest mount," the Dodge men would tell the newcomer solemnly, "so you'll get back first. When you hit Front Street, yell for the Gatling guns. Maybe the boys will get back in time to save the rest of us." More talk of this kind interspersed with blood-curdling tales of Indian atrocities soon had the stranger sitting stiff in his saddle, scanning the horizon with nervous eyes.

A few miles from town were waiting a number of local sports decked out in the Adobe Walls trophies, their bodies darkened with charcoal and smeared with paint. Rounding a rise in the prairie, the self-proclaimed Indian fighter suddenly would see a horde of screaming savages thundering at him, war bonnets flying, rifles ablaze.

"Run for you life!" the hunters would yelp and the little party would come tearing back to Dodge in a cloud of dust, the "Indians" whooping at their heels. Fast horse or slow horse, the stranger always reached camp first and careened down the street crying hoarsely for the Gatlings.

Dodge City as it looked in 1873.

Photo Courtesy Santa Fe Railroad

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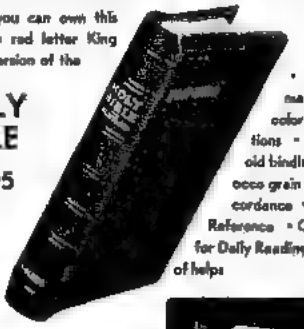

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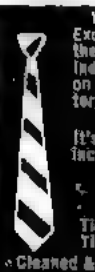

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At first he would watch horror-stricken as the citizenry made no move to prepare for battle but stood idly in laughing groups. And then comprehension would sweep over him as he saw the painted heathens ride directly into town and up to the Long Branch Saloon where a great deal of back-slapping and hand-shaking would take place. There would be nothing left for him to do but return sheepishly to the laughing throng that was already forming along the bar and buy the drinks for the whole gang.

Many visitors to Dodge fell victim to the "Indian Act," among them John Bender, conductor of the Santa Fe Railroad and United States Senator John J. Ingalls. But one time the prank backfired, an occurrence that did much to bring an end to what had become a Dodge City institution.

Mr. Harris, a new jeweler in the camp, was to be the butt of the joke. As a precautionary measure, the pranksters had always seen to it that the victim's hunting rifle was either unloaded or filled with blanks when the party left town. Mr. Harris' rifle was so prepared on this occasion. But the jeweler, disturbed by talk of a possible Indian uprising before the party got under way, quietly slipped a loaded six-shooter into his pocket. When the "savages" attacked, Harris, to the consternation of his fellow hunters and Indians alike, coolly stood his ground and opened up on the charging band with the pistol. A bullet clipped feathers from the headdress of the leading chief. War whoops died in painted throats and the rampaging redskins scattered like chaff in the wind. Even a Gatling gun could not have been more effective in turning back an Indian raid.

That was one day in Dodge when the drinks were on the pranksters.

The Fight That Almost Kayoed Boxing

(Continued from page 27)

Judge Bean continued to watch with interest.

Tall Fitzsimmons stepped off the train in El Paso late in December, 1895, and began training in Juarez, Mexico. Immediately he won the public. He pulled a full-grown lion for a pet; he bicycled for exercise; he shook hands with admirers at the weekly bull fights; he wore big diamonds and for recreation he shod horses at the blacksmith shop.

The next month Maher arrived, frowned at surroundings, snarled at reporters and got back on the train for a forty-mile ride to Las Cruces. Here he trained.

ON FEBRUARY 9 Stuart came to town, his head spinning with plans for a "Fistic Carnival," to last a week and to be staged in a stadium designed for 20,000 people. The heavyweight bout for a purse of $10,000 would be held the first day, and on the four following days other matches would be scheduled, with world titles at stake in three of them. And as an added attraction, Stuart could get John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan and their theatrical troupe.

Within the week George Dixon, Joe Walcott and other fighters began to arrive for the fistic carnival. Jose de Moreno was reported on the way from Madrid with six famous bull fighters to entertain El Paso visitors during the mornings. A rodeo also was added to the program of entertainment. Evangelist Mysenheimer, boy preacher with 9,000 converts to his credit, was billed at the First Methodist Church.

But not all went well with Stuart and his promotions. As a preventive measure, a company of Texas Rangers left Austin to set up camp at nearby Ysleta, instructed to be on the alert for anti-prize fight violations. The El Paso ministerial alliance visited Stuart's office and lectured on the evils of boxing. Secretary to Stuart, W. K. Wheeler, answered their charges: "There is nothing that occurs in the present glove contests that would bring a blush to the cheek of the most refined lady in the land."

The ministers were not so sure; they continued to counterpunch from the pulpit and notified the New Mexico governor they believed Stuart was scheming to hold the contest in his state. Governor Thornton answered that there was nothing he could do to stop it. Not content, the preachers wired New Mexico congressmen, who joined forces with Senator Tom Catron in getting a measure through Congress. The bill made a felony of "any pugilistic encounter between man and man or fight between man and bull or any other animal for money or for other things of value or for any championship in any of the territories."

Stuart still declared there would be a fight, and Judge Bean read of events with mounting interest.

Texas' Attorney General Mabry with additional troops of Rangers arrived to keep an appointment with Governor Thornton and several deputy U. S. marshals. Arizona Governor Hughes alerted his state militia. The Chihuahua governor and 150 Mexican cavalrymen rode into Juarez. Colonel Barker, commander at Fort Bliss, ordered that officers would not leave that post after 6 p.m.

STILL STUART was confident that the fight would go on. Maher came into El Paso with an eye ailment caused by alkali dust, and doctors predicted that it would heal within a week. Fitzsimmons complained but agreed to postpone the fight for another week.

Stuart set February 21 as the date for the match, but many pugilistic fans tired of the delay and packed their suitcases and left El Paso. Promoter Stuart took this opportunity to announce that the Kinetoscope, which would take forty pictures a minute, would be used to photograph the fight. The machine was loaded for 200 minutes of operation.

His announcement and assurance that the fight would be held gave rise to one story that the boxers would entrain for Galveston, where they would board a barge, towed into the Gulf of Mexico. Here, outside the continental limits, the title would be determined with only a few witnesses and the motion picture camera present. Another story carried by eastern publications located the arena in the mountains in a spot where "man has never before trod and which could be held against a regiment of soldiers by a few men."

If Stuart's assurance was shaken, he did not show it. But he was relieved when he received the telegram from Judge Roy Bean at Langtry. Here was the answer to his problem. He accepted the invitation and notified the judge to finish preparations.

Meanwhile, Ranger Ed Aten received orders to watch the Kinetoscope and lumber which would be used to build the ring. He and a companion were in the freight yards February 17 when they saw the machine and lumber loaded on a flatcar and hitched to a westbound train. Aten climbed aboard, and when the car was dropped at Strauss, first station west of El Paso, the Ranger was on it. The flatcar returned through El Paso, and Aten kept company with the crew of carpenters hired to erect the ring. The train sped on to Langtry.

Late in the afternoon February 20, Stuart posted a notice on the window of his office: "Persons desirous of attending the fight will report at these headquarters tonight at 9:45 o'clock. Railroad fare for the round trip will not exceed $12.00." Crowds began to mill in front of the office, and just before time for the train to pull out, ten extra cars were added. Throughout the night and until 3 p.m. February 21, the train wormed eastward. Another special train arrived from San Antonio, and Langtry buzzed with fight fans.

JUDGE BEAN scheduled the fight so that visitors to the town would have time to consume the dollar-a-bottle beer he had ordered from San Antonio, and while guests complied with the judge's wishes, an army of Mexican laborers hauled cross-ties and scrap lumber on their backs to the edge of the Rio Grande. Another group rolled empty kegs to the water, and together they built a pontoon footbridge to the sand bar.

Two Rangers, in San Antonio when the Texas governor heard of the scheme, were ordered to Langtry. They rode the special train. "You can't hold the fight here," they informed Judge Bean on arrival.

Bean grinned. "You don't say, boys! Want to see a good scrap? Just stick around!"

The crafty judge had selected the sand bar on the Mexican side of the river, where the Rangers were without authority. The site was a two-day march from the nearest Mexican garrison, and Bean knew there would be no interference from authorities on that side of the border.

His beard freshly trimmed and his suit cleaned for the occasion, Judge Bean stepped forth from the Jersey Lily. "Follow me, gents," he called with dignity. "The fight of the century's about to begin!"

Ignoring the cold drizzle, the moneyed patrons trailed after the Judge. Ranch hands, Rangers and laborers gathered on a bluff on the Texas side for a long-range view of the proceedings. Holders of twenty-dollar-a-seat tickets hunkered down on the wet grass around the ring. Fitzsimmons stepped into the arena, followed shortly by the hulking Irishman, Peter Maher. The Kinetoscope whirled away.

Referee George Siler called the fighters to the center of the twenty-four-foot ring for the formal glove-choosing ceremony. Fitzsimmons' manager asked if the prize money was ready. Siler showed him two certified checks.

"We want cash, not checks!" bawled the manager.

A heated argument raged until Fitzsimmons raised his hand and addressed the crowd. "I am going to satisfy the public, money or not. This, however, will be the last time that I will give under."

Stimulated with the beer which hired hands from the Jersey Lily peddled around the ring, the crowd cheered wildly. The fighters were called to their corners, a hammer banged the bottom of a tin bucket in lieu of a gong—and the big fight was on!

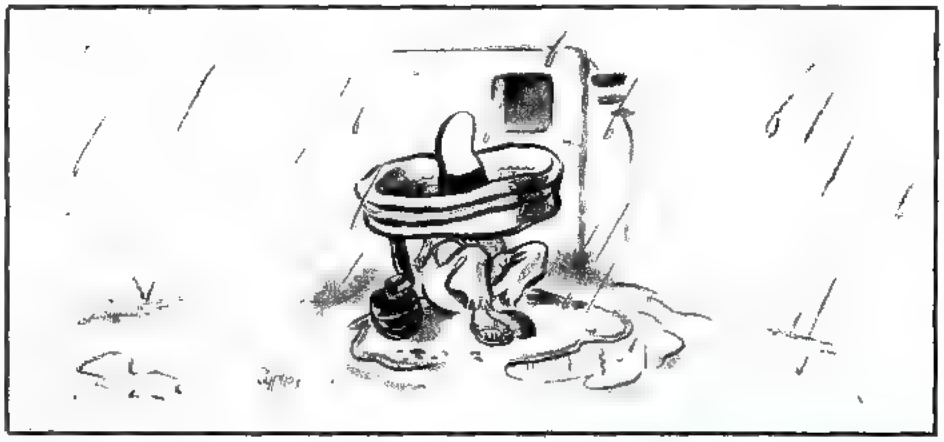
MAHER CLOSED in on Fitzsimmons with a bull-like rush, swinging wildly. Bob tied the giant up in a clinch, then contemptuously pushed him away. Lunging, Maher connected with a long left that brought blood from Fitz's mouth.

Stung into action by the blow, Fitzsimmons drove Maher halfway across the ring before landing the crusher—a terrific right uppercut to the jaw. Maher went down like an axe-hit steer, tried to pull himself up but slumped to the canvas unconscious. Time: two minutes, thirty-five seconds.

"I thought I had him licked until he punched me under the jaw," mumbled Maher upon regaining his senses. "Then it was all over. I quit thinking!"

Before the trains pulled out of Langtry that night, the beer flowed freely and stakes at the poker table were higher than usual. Beaming upon all this lucrative activity was the judge himself, who had staged this fight against all the odds that two countries could throw against him.

Meanwhile Jim Corbett announced loftily that he wasn't giving up his championship after all and that he would defend it against the "upstart" Fitzsimmons at his own convenience. But Jim needed the money that such a bout would bring, and so on March 17, 1897, he stepped into the ring against the slugging blacksmith. Fitz knocked him out in fourteen rounds to gain undisputed possession of the heavyweight championship of the world.



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The old Brunner building, second oldest brick building in Oregon. In the building to the left, women and children took refuge during Indian raids on Jacksonville.

Living Ghost Town

(Continued from page 30)

Just four blocks from the old courthouse and in the heart of town is the ornate Swedish lacy wrought iron gate through which one may go to the Jacksonville Cemetery. Unlike other gold ghost towns, the cemetery is easily accessible over a short and good road, and it is quite large, with names clearly marked on everlasting stone. Each Memorial Day sees some of the West's most prominent people; from Los Angeles, and San Francisco and Portland they come, to pay their respects to fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers.

On entering the cemetery, a few paces to the left is seen a low double headstone inscribed as follows:

GEORGE HARRIS, Killed by the Indians, October 9, 1855.

MARY ANN CHAMBERS, February 17, 1882.

This is the story of the twin headstone:

October 9, 1855, was a day of infamy in the Rogue River Valley. The Indians had warred for years, made treaties, broken them and warred again. On this day, they set about exterminating, if possible, every "Boston" in the area.

MARY ANN HARRIS and eleven-year-old Sophia were tidying up the house from breakfast, singing at their work, for the hay and grain crop had been good and the vegetable garden was loaded for harvest. Nine-year-old David, having just finished his morning meal, was a few paces from the house, digging potatoes. George Harris and a hired hand were already in the fields. The peaceful autumn morning was suddenly shattered by an ear-splitting war whoop as a band of Indians rushed from the timber. Mr. Harris came running to the house, meeting his startled wife on the stoop. He was ushering Mary inside the house when a shot rang out and a bullet pierced his left side. Reeling inside the doorway, he closed the door quickly and barred it before collapsing. Half-conscious, dying, George Harris gasped: "Mary, I'm done for! You'll have to defend the children and yourself alone."

Mary Harris had never fired a gun in her life, but she gathered together the household firearms and for nineteen hours held off the Indians. Sophia kept the fire burning, even using the furniture as fuel.

Melting lead, she molded bullets and loaded the guns. Sophia was wounded in the arm by a stray bullet, but gamely the child continued her tasks. Somehow this gallant eleven-year-old found strength and courage to administer to her wounded father until he died in the early morning hours. David had not been seen since he left the house early that morning to dig potatoes. His fate was never learned, as he was never seen by white people again.

Through the windows, Mary Harris could see the dead body of the hired man out in the field—a grim reminder to keep firing.

Just before daylight, an Indian messenger rode up to join the others and the whole band moved some distance from the house toward the river to powwow. Quickly Mary covered her husband's body, dressed Sophia's wound, and led the little girl from the house.

Hiding in the brush, Mary watched the Indians and prayed that they would give up and leave. Time dragged interminably, and at last the Indians appeared to be excited by some approaching danger. Sabers clanked and harness rattled as Major Fitzgerald and a detail of soldiers rode into sight. The Indians disappeared into the timber. Mary Harris, weeping with relief, showed herself for rescue. The bronzed and bearded Major himself felt the sting of tears in his eyes at the sight of the powder-smudged pioneer woman and her wounded daughter.

Mary Harris re-married later, but at her death and after twenty-eight years, she was re-united with her first husband. The twin headstones earlier described mark their final resting place.

On the day of Mary Harris' ordeal, twenty people of the area were tortured and killed and their homes burned. Limpy, chief of the Illinois band, and George, chief of the lower Rogue River band, were the two prominent leaders in this uprising. Early on October 9, 1855, these chiefs met near Table Rock and made detailed and thorough plans. Their first act was the murder of William Going, a Missouri teamster employed on the reservation and living there in a small hut. Standing there beside the fireplace and talking with Clinton Schieffelin, he was fatally shot. This was at 2 a.m. Mr Schieffelin's recorded statement names Chief John of the Applegate tribe as the leader of this particular raiding party.

Hurrying to join forces with Limpy and George, Chief John and his warriors continued to Jewett's Ferry, where a pack train under charge of a Mr. Hamilton was awaiting crossing. Mr. Hamilton was killed and his helper severely wounded.

JEWETT'S house was the next target for the raiders. The Indians fired upon it, but meeting with unexpected resistance, they moved on down-river to Evan's Ferry. Here they shot Isaac Shelton, who lived but a few hours.

The next point of attack was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones was shot down outside the house and his body nearly devoured by wild hogs before it was discovered. The Jones house was fired. Mrs. Jones ran out and was shot, living twenty-four hours before dying from loss of blood. O. P. Robbins, partner to Jones, was out hunting cattle at the time of the attack. Stepping up on a stump for a better view, he saw the house burning, knew what must have happened, and headed out for the Tuft and Evans homes for help.

The Indians reached Tuft's first and shot Mrs. Tuft through the body, but she survived. Six miles north of Evan's Ferry, the hostiles came upon two men transporting supplies to the mines and killed them, taking their horses and going on to the Wagner home.

In later, more peaceable years, a member of this raiding party gave the following account of the fate of the Wagners:

Mr. Wagner was away at the time. The Indians wanted to capture the young and attractive Mrs. Wagner. They ordered her to come out, promising to leave the house untouched if she would comply. Mrs. Wagner refused to come out. Fearing that she was armed, the Indians would not enter the house, but tried to drive her out by firing the dwelling. Frightened by the flames, small Mary Wagner fled the house and was killed. Mrs. Wagner brought a chair before a mirror where she could be easily seen by the Indians, took down her long hair, shook out the braids and calmly proceeded to brush the shining tresses as the flames closed in around her. Mr. Wagner returned later to stare in dazed horror at the heap of ashes that had once been a home for himself and his happy family.

The ruthless raiders struck next at the Haines house. Mr. Haines and two children were killed and Mrs. Haines taken captive. She, too, like ill-fated David Harris, disappeared forever into the wilderness with her savage captors. Next came the attack upon the Harris home, with the killing of the hired hand, T. A. Reed, and George Harris, the mysterious fate that overtook nine-year-old David, the wounding of little Sophia Harris and the gallant defense of Mary Harris.

So were the people beset from all sides, by many tribes and branches of tribes. Of all the state, southern Oregon, Jacksonville in particular, was most vulnerable to attack and suffered most. People today can have but little realiza-

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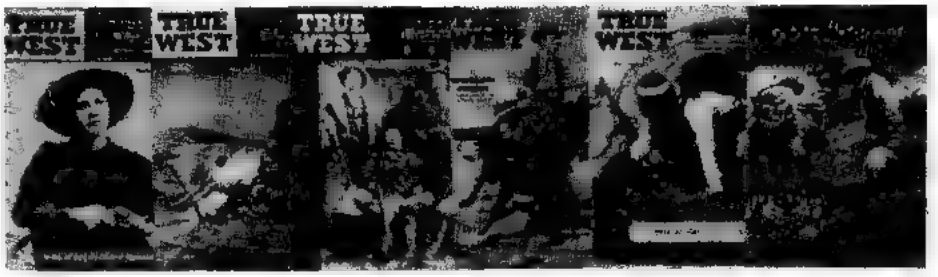

5—25c 4—50c 8—50c 13—25c 15—25c 16—25c

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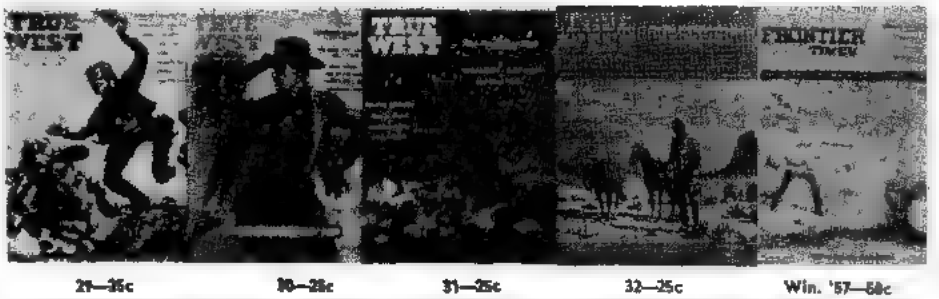
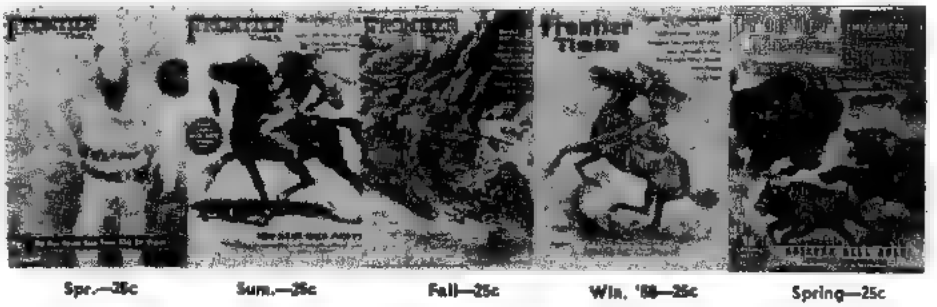


29—25c 30—25c 31—25c 32—25c Win. '57—50c



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tion of the hardships endured by these courageous pioneers and the heroism displayed by all in the defense of their homes and families. Nor was attack by hostile Indians the greatest of their perils.

In the Jacksonville cemetery, beside graves of victims of the October 9, 1855, attack, are many tiny graves with low wrought-iron fences placed around them. The date of demise of all these children will be seen to have occurred at about the same time. Their death, ascribed to "chicken pox" in 1868, was actually caused by that dread scourge of the frontier, smallpox. Most tragic of all, it struck hardest at the very young.

The town was quarantined, but the disease swept through to invade the entire county. Merchants closed their doors. Fires burned in the streets, in the misguided belief handed down for centuries that flame would purify the polluted air. Ministers fled paths of duty, and the town Catholic priest and Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus were the only comforters. Fearlessly they administered to the ill, brought food and comfort to the bereaved, and strove by example to put down terror. By their hand many of the tiny victims of the plague were placed where they lie today, and theirs were the only holy words spoken over the dead.

OTHER stones in Jacksonville's cemetery tell authentic tales such as, "Killed by a grizzly bear," and "Hanged for a killing." These epitaphs are true, not the imaginative work of persons seeking publicity for the town.

Jacksonville has held closely to her old ways. True, the residents own and drive automobiles, and television sets are in many living rooms, but the people are still pioneering –still experience "booms" as in the old days. As late as 1937 residents living in the heart of town took to mining again upon the rise in the price of gold per ounce from $20.67 to $35. At least 3,000 families in Jackson County are supported at the present by mining. In addition to gold, the area is rich in platinum, cinnabar with high mercury content, cobalt, nickel, zinc, arsenic, graphite, and the latest discovery, uranium.

This year of 1959 is Centennial Year for Oregon. In Jacksonville it marks 110 years since Jesse and Lindsay Applegate made a southern route available to the Willamette Valley. Women are braiding rugs and making full-ruffled skirted costumes and tatted and handmade lace bonnets. Men are growing beards and planning re-decorating of stores and other buildings with the furnishings of the 1860's. Attics are being gleaned of kerosene lamps and iron pots, coffee mills and little potbellied stoves.

For some households, things have been in almost everyday use and will need only washing and polishing up a bit. The "old-timey" flavor will extend even to transportation, for a Wells Fargo Express will pick up passengers from all over the valley, making regular runs into Jacksonville. At the terminal, passengers will transfer to surreys for tours to spots of interest with guides to deliver well-researched speeches of description. Tours will be provided through the Peter Britt fabulous European maze-gardens, planted nearly a hundred years ago around the old home. The Britt home retains one of the very few remaining skylight studios necessary for Mr. Britt and other photographers of his time.

Near the courthouse, now the museum, "Aunt Edna's Guest House" has been revived and readied to accommodate in seven rooms—each furnished with period furniture, even to the white scrubbed chamber pot under every bed—overnight visitors to Jacksonville.

Plans are to restore the United States Hotel, where President Rutherford B. Hayes stayed one night while traveling through on the Wells Fargo Stage. For his room, President Hayes was charged $150. The sum was paid, but under protest that he had no intention of buying the hotel when he registered. Tourists may sleep in President Hayes' room and bed, but they may be sure the rate charged will not be anything like that paid by the chief executive.

Jacksonville women are starching and repairing the heirloom dresses handed down in their families and have pledged to wear them during the entire Centennial Year. Men will strut in "boiled" shirts and brocaded vests, or authentic Western frontier costumes. Matched horses in fancy harness will pull shining rigs, while automobiles will be garaged for the season. For one thrilling year the old "Wild West" will return to friendly, historical, authentic old Jacksonville. Don't miss it!

"Crazy way to get a suntan, don't you think?"

Nuggets

(Continued from page 33)

On the other hand, we felt no emotion at all for the fallen outlaws. We gazed at them as if they had been creatures from another planet and were greatly astonished at the vile oaths that came from the lips of the wounded one.

A train whistled in the distance and in a few minutes came to a stop at the station. (This was a branch Santa Fe line that ran through our little Kansas village.) Almost before the train's wheels stopped turning, men were piling off the coaches to rush to the scene of the shooting. Federal, state and local police officials were in the crowd, and these lawmen took away the dead outlaw and his wounded partner on the train.

My sister and I returned to our dishwashing and to consoling Father, who had arrived just too late to fire a shot at the outlaws. Strangely, none of us thought to be grateful that we hadn't been hit by the bullets that whizzed past us.

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A BOLD BLUFF

THE KLONDIKE DRIVE

By J. J. BALLARD

OF all the trail drives that have come to my attention, this account told to me by Joe Bankofier (Joe Boy to his friends) stands out as unique. Certainly it was the strangest drive ever, and as such deserves to be recorded.

When the Klondike gold rush was going full blast, supplies—especially meat—were scarce and high-priced in Nome and the gold camps generally. Accordingly, two enterprising gents named Jack Dalton and Bill Hanley, of Burns, Oregon, decided to supply the hungry miners with beef on the hoof. They bought 150 fat three-year-old steers out of feed lots in Western Montana and shipped them to Seattle, Washington. From there, with the cowhands necessary to handle them, the cattle were shipped by boat to Skagway, Alaska. Corrals had been prepared on shore to receive them. Joe Boy was placed in charge.

At this point they ran into difficulty. The tug boat fee for towing the ship to its proper mooring was exorbitantly high and the boys just flat refused to pay it. Instead they jumped the cattle overboard and swam them ashore.

Once on shore, their refusal in paying the high towing charge didn't seem so smart after all. They were in a kind of *rincon* facing a high bluff that came down to the water on either side. "A hell of a looking place," Joe Boy told me years later. "The steers damn sure couldn't climb the bluff and they couldn't swim around it. It seemed that they were finished right there."

Next morning the problem was solved. The tide was out and they simply drove the cattle around the point of rocks to higher ground. Now they discovered their troubles had barely begun.

Leaving the cattle for a time, it is necessary to go back a year to set the background for his incredible drive. These same owners had shipped in horses to be used as pack animals to transport the supplies of the Chechakos —tenderfeet—as far as Chilkoot Pass. Summer ended, the horses had been turned loose on bare hills covered with bunch grass. Most of them had wintered even in that north latitude and severe cold. It was these rugged animals that were used on this drive.

Joe Boy himself takes up the story now:

"Leaving Skagway, we headed for the high country and thence to the Yukon 500 miles away. Grass was no problem, it was up to our stirrups everywhere. Mud was also everywhere, except in some of the worst places where the trail had corduroy across. (This is done by cutting small trees and laying them cross-wise in the mud, one against the other.) When a steer got off the trail, as one often did, he would sink to his body in the mud. We could not ride around him to turn him back lest a horse became hopelessly bogged in the mud. There was no help for it; you simply had to dismount and go around him on foot. This had to be done with great care lest you yourself became bogged in the treacherous muskeg. By dint of perseverance, long, slow, hard work, and plenty of cussing we finally reached the Yukon—or was it the Klondike that empties into the Yukon? Anyhow, we eventually arrived at the landing for steamboats that plied the river to Nome.

"We loaded them on the boat and figured our troubles were over. We figured wrong—on the way down river the boat was wrecked and sank. Some of the steers escaped the wreck and swam ashore and were scattered and lost. Some were butchered and the meat processed for sale in Nome."

Joe Boy afterward heard of four of these fine steers in the interior, where they, of course, finally became prey to the wolves.

The owners sued the boat company for the value of the lost cattle, but that outfit was broke by then and the owners got little or nothing for their cattle and a summer of hard work and heavy expenses. A daring undertaking that failed, but might have succeeded with a better break in the luck.

Joe Boy himself stayed two years in Alaska, but took no part in the mad scramble of the prospectors for gold. Said there was nothing but disillusion and shattered hopes in store for most gold seekers. He returned to Oregon and resumed his old job working for the P.L.S. Cattle Company. All the gold he accumulated in Alaska he carried in a

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Bull Durham tobacco sack aboard the boat that brought him home. Once aboard he changed clothes and threw his overalls overboard. You guessed it—the gold went with the overalls.

For several years, Joe Boy was general manager of the P.L.S. Company. In later years, since I knew him, he owned and operated his own ranch in southeastern Oregon, near McDermitt, Nevada. He died in 1949 and is buried in the Masonic Cemetery in Winnemucca, Nevada. A great cattleman and eminently worthy of posthumous election to the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

he was trying to say, but I think that it is possible to make an intelligent deduction.

Prior to the Lincoln County War, Bowdre was a small rancher near Lincoln. With his pal Josiah G. (Doc) Scurlock, he earned a reputation as a notorious troublemaker. The War itself seems to have given the two young men all the trouble they ever wanted. Scurlock gathered his family together and moved to Potter County, Texas. Bowdre domiciled his wife in Fort Sumner and went to work on the ranch of T. Z. Yerby.

Apparently he intended to stay clear of the troubles which followed the War, for on December 15, 1880, he wrote Captain J. C. Lea as follows:

"I have broke up housekeeping and am camping around, first one place and then another on the range, so that no one can say that Yerby's ranch is the stoping (sic) place for anyone . . . If I don't get clear I intend to leave some time this winter, for I dont intend to take any hand fighting the territory, for it is a different thing from what the Lincoln County War was. The only difference in my case & some of the officers in Lincoln Co. is that I had the misfortune to be indicted before the fight was over & did not come under the Gov's pardon . . . I know of nothing to urge in my favor, now that others were pardoned for like offenses. Experience is a good but slow teacher & I think if I keep my mind, I will let every man do his own fighting so far as I'm concerned & I will do my own."

It may have been only hours after writing this letter that he let the Kid persuade him to accompany the gang once more. The result was Bowdre's fatal wounding.

(Ed. note: Bowdre was shot down by Sheriff Pat Garrett at Stinking Springs, New Mexico, on December 21, 1880.)

Whatever his actual words, I suggest that the sense of what he tried to say was this: "I wish I had stayed at Yerby's ranch and never let the Kid get me into this."—Philip J. Rasch, 1839 West Fifth Street, San Pedro, California.

Thank you, Mr. Rasch, for your illuminating letter. What a pity that Charlie didn't stick to the good intentions expressed in his letter to Captain Lea.

Goof Department

Dear Editor:

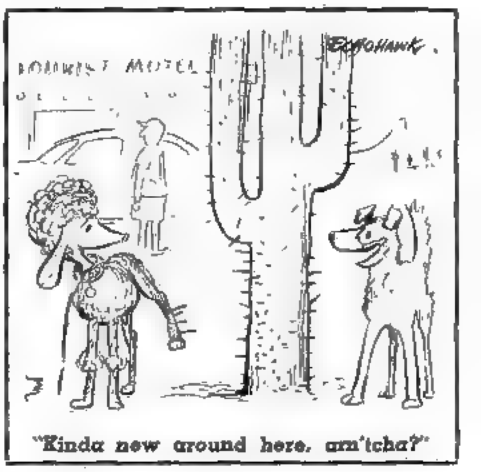
Congratulations on the story "More than Mighty" in the Winter, 1958-59, *Frontier Times*. I have a deep interest in the career of Jack Slade and try to find out everything I can about him. Author Henry made one bad mistake, however, which I would like to clear up. The article stated that Slade was the last man hanged by the Montana Vigilantes. This is incorrect. Slade was hanged on March 11, 1864, and there were other executions by the committee after that.

The author quoted Dimsdale's *Vigilantes of Montana* often in his article, so it is inconceivable how he could miss the above mentioned fact. The last part of the book deals with other executions, among them being the hanging of Jim Kelley and John Dolan, two notorious road agents and killers, in the fall of 1864.

The rest of the article was well done and informative.—Kevin Ellason, Torrance, California.

Editor, *Frontier Times:*

Concerning the article "Sage and Cactus" by doughbelly Price in the Winter (1958-59) quarterly, some of the things ol' doughbelly said were true, such as the horse breaking; but when it comes to snakes perhaps he could learn a little from Hollywood or Montana. Up here the snakes don't know they have to be coiled to strike. A rattlesnake can and does strike or bite from any position, but can do it best from a coiled position and prefer to go into action that way. One thrown—such as the movie showed—could well kill a man if the teeth hit him.—Howard E. Pitzen, North Star Ranch, Effie, Minnesota.



"Kinda new around here, am'icha?"

Editor, *Frontier Times:*

The Winter Edition of *Frontier Times* contained a story that interested me greatly, "Day of Massacre" by Paul T. Scott. This story is true in every detail. I know, because it was told to my parents and myself in person by one Mrs. Matilda Delaney, one of the Sager children mentioned in the article. Their parents had died on the way to the Oregon country, so Dr. and Mrs. Whitman adopted them when they arrived at Waiilatpu Mission.

Mrs. Delaney was a frequent visitor at our home whenever she came from her home in Spokane, Washington, to visit a daughter, Mrs. George Trader at Stiles, Idaho. Later we moved to Orofino, Idaho, where my late father, Ed Donath, operated the Orofino Harness and Saddle Shop. Here Mrs. Delaney visited us for weeks at a time. Her vivid stories of pioneer days were all the more interesting because she had really lived them.

Mr. Scott's article tells of the death of John Sager. Mrs. Delaney told us the story, as she was a young girl at the time and saw her brother murdered

before her eyes. The women and children at the Mission were made captives and were slated for slaughter by the Indians when soldiers from Fort Walla Walla came to their rescue.

Dr. Whitman was scantily buried and wild animals dug up the remains. Mrs. Delaney identified them from dental work, and the doctor was reburied in the spot where he lies today.

I last saw Matilda Delaney in 1912. I was then a girl of sixteen and Matilda about eighty but spry and lively as a cricket. Her stories still remain in my memory as of only yesterday. I listened to her tales of pioneer days spellbound. —Gisella Donath Brown, 946 Third Street, Clarkston, Washington.

We surely appreciate your sharing your wonderful memories with us, ma'am. Letters like yours make us realize how brief our Western history actually is, how short the span of years between the present and the storied past.

History Books Fail To Present True West

Dear Mr. Wiltsey:

First I'd like you to know that I read both *Frontier Times* and *True West* because I'm sick and tired of reading phony stories of the West in other publications who call themselves true. There is no comparing them with *Frontier Times* and *True West*. They were the first and will always be the best on the West. Sure, somebody will always be looking for an argument on some Western hero or certain facts or incidentals, but—like I say—if they have additional information, let 'em speak up! Certainly there are some things in our Western history books that should be changed, because in later years they have proved to be false. Many of your stories on the West prove this. I think it is wrong for our children of today to read and study the old West as it was written up years ago. New text-books should be made to show the West as it *really* was. I vote for *Frontier Times* and *True West* to be entered in libraries, along with Dr. Webb. I think all your thousands of readers will second the motion.—Joseph Edwin Zekind, Jr., Box 65, Prentice, Wisconsin.

Well, Joe, we'd sure like to think you're right on our readers. One certain way to get True West and Frontier Times in all the libraries of the country would be for each reader to take a copy of each magazine to his—or her—local library, show the folks there Dr. Webb's message, and suggest that they stock the magazines from then on. How about it, folks?

Praise From a Western Artist

Dear Norm:

Just a short line or two to let you know what a wonderful magazine *Frontier Times* is. Believe me, it is a perfect companion to the already great magazine *True West*. I'm proud to have been a subscriber to TW since the first issue back in 1953. Also began reading the new *Frontier Times* with the very first issue.

Being a western artist myself, I sure enjoy your covers by the great artist B. J. McCausey. Particularly as we both have the same favorite subjects—*Indians*. It makes me happy to see good Western artists carrying on where the king of them all, famous Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist, left off. Keep up the good work and let's see lots of

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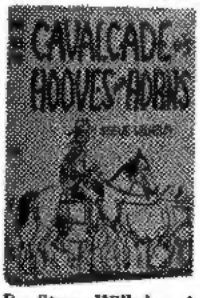

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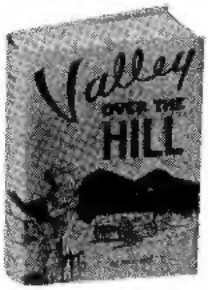

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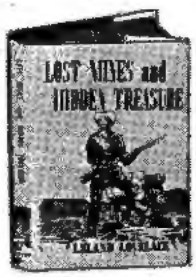

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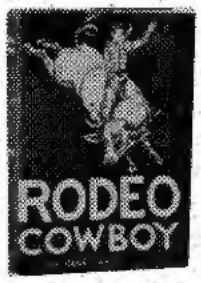

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T'aint often our hard-working artists get a compliment, so we're sure old B. J. will be mighty pleased with this one. And those kind words you said about the rest of us hombres here at the home corral ain't hard to take either. Thanks, podner!

Normnote:

This is the sort of thing that warms the heart of magazine publisher and editor alike and suddenly makes you realize that you're doing something more than just publishing a magazine for perhaps casual entertainment. Happened like this:

Back in the Winter issue of Frontier Times we published a wistful little letter from a wonderful gal named Michal Milan, Rt. 2, Box 720, Oakdale, California. In her letter Michal mentioned that she loved Indians and hoped to teach them when she grew up. She also mentioned another project of hers—taking care of a forgotten Indian cemetery near her ranch home. Michal had written letters to a lot of folks about Indians but hadn't heard from a single one. Her letter in "Frontier Post" was sort of a last attempt to acquire some correspondents with the same hobby as herself.

Well, folks, wonderful things have been happening to Michal since her letter appeared. Albert Field, for example, read her appeal and sent her a few Indian artifacts from his collection. She wrote a note of thanks to Al at his Lampasas, Texas, home and he sent it along to us. I'll quote a few lines from it to show you what I meant by the first paragraph of this Normnote:

Dear Mr. Field:

"I received your very welcome letter and was again happy to hear from you. I also received the artifacts you sent and want to thank you so very much. I certainly like them . . . The other day I was interviewed on the radio concerning all the wonderful letters I've gotten in response to the letter I wrote to Frontier Times. I never dreamed I'd hear from so many wonderful and interesting people. I can honestly say that this is one of the most wonderful things that ever happened to me . . . Your Friend, Michal."

Ye Ed Gets a Bouquet

Gentlemen:

I would like to compliment you on your fine magazine *Frontier Times*. Bought my first copy the other day and read it from cover to cover.

Would also like to thank Norm for his story "Frontier Guardian". Not many people know about Lew Wetzel and his deadly rifle. Martin's Ferry, my home town, is right across the Ohio River from Wheeling, West Virginia, where Fort Henry was during Wetzel's time.

I'm a great Wetzel fan and have read every book I could find about him. In one book it told about Wetzel spending the night on the upper end of an island in the Ohio River between what is now Wheeling and Martin's Ferry. I can see the very spot from my back porch, so I guess Wetzel might have sent a few Injuns to the Happy Hunting Ground right here on my land.

Keep up the good work.—William H. Ellis, Jr., 214 Washington St., Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

Still in a rosy glow from that posy, we'll wind up this session of Frontier Post with a poem. This little ballad sort of expresses what we've always wondered too. But please folks, don't send us anymore poetry—we've got it running out our ears!

TRUE OR FALSE?

In the Woolly West of old
Were the heroes *always* bold
And as gritty as the desert sand?
Didn't one ever quiver,
Feel at least a little shiver
When called upon to make a stand?
When the six-guns were a-spittin'
And the Bowie knives a-flittin'
Was there *never* a craven in the band?
Didn't one ever waver
Or have a little quaver
About gettin' that six-gun in his hand?
In the Wild and Wooly West
Where the heroes were the *Best*
And the nerviest gents you ever saw!
Didn't one ever tremble
Or try his wits to assemble
When he had to make his draw?
It's a mess o' Hog Waller
And purty hard to swaller
That these heroes didn't even "feel."
Didn't mebbe *one* ever shake
When aim he had to take
Or were they ALL truly Men of Steel?

—G. Griffin, 919 7th Avenue,
San Diego, California

Man With the Notebook

(Continued from page 23)

she could hear it in the light rain that slanted against the old building. Finally the last job was finished, she blew out the lamp and stepped out into the chilly night. She had just turned the key in the lock when a shadow appeared before her on the walk. Even in that rainy darkness the man's white face stood out in all its haunting grotesqueness.

"What do you want?" she gasped.

His voice sounded different at night; she could detect an urgency in the man's muffled words that she had never heard before.

"Miss Cook," he was saying. "I *must* have two dollars! I *must* send a telegram. Tonight!"

Whether it was from fear or pity, she would never quite know, but Miss Cook calmly opened her purse and handed the stranger two silver dollars.

He was gone. She never saw him again.

Of course she had never expected to see him again. Especially since she learned the following morning that he had skipped town leaving an unpaid hotel bill and an empty suitcase behind him.

But then, one day, about a year later, a letter came to Miss Cook from a faraway eastern state. There were two worn paper dollars in the letter and a short note which read: "My dear Miss Cook I have never forgotten your kindness."

It was signed, "O. Henry."

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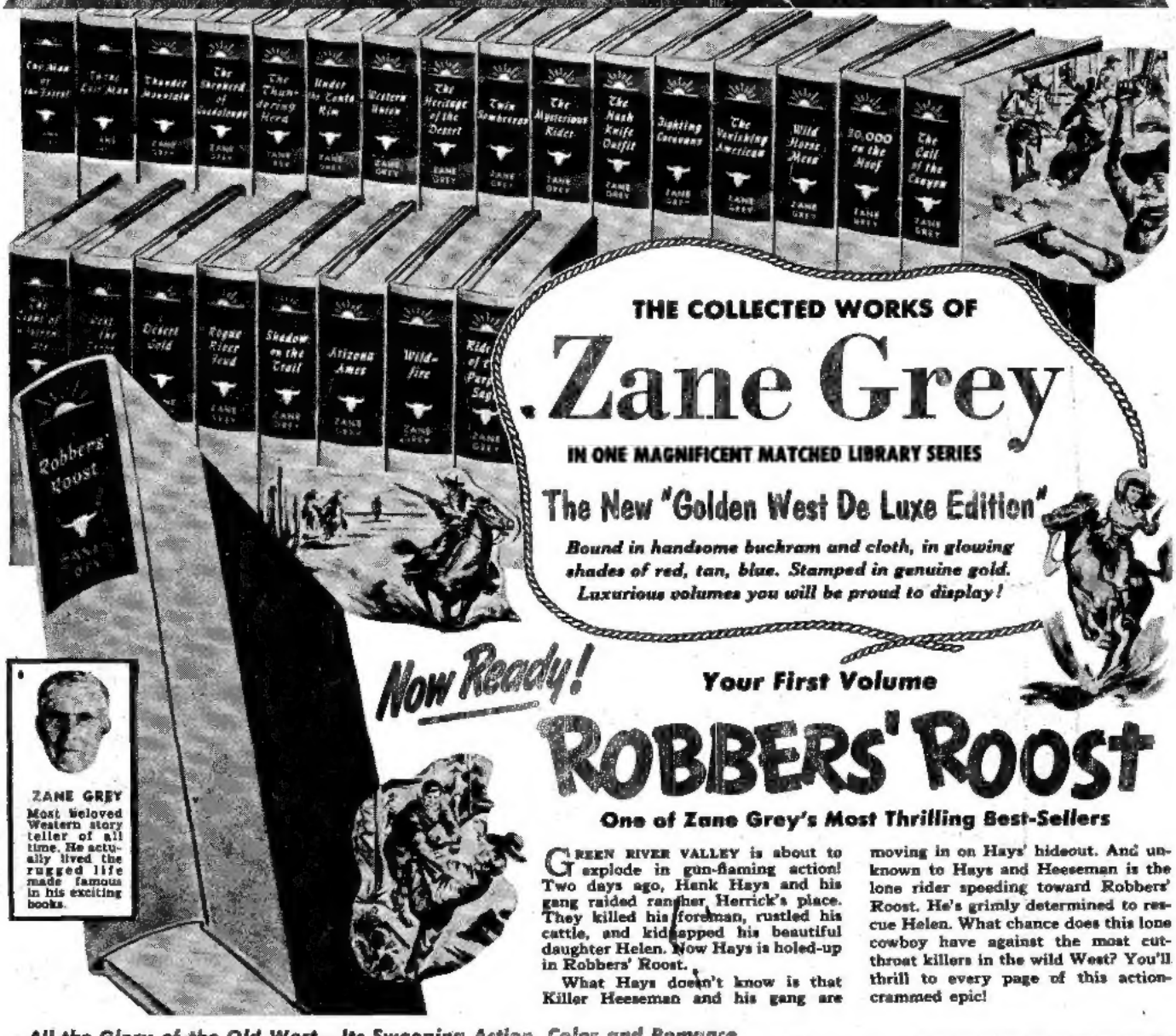
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What Hays doesn't know is that Killer Heeseman and his gang are moving in on Hays' hideout. And unknown to Hays and Heeseman is the lone rider speeding toward Robbers' Roost. He's grimly determined to rescue Helen. What chance does this lone cowboy have against the most cut-throat killers in the wild West? You'll thrill to every page of this action-crammed epic!

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